THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS

With Spirit

f

Fes--tal fires and hearths a----light,

Hol--ly leaves and berries bright,

Mis---tle---toe's ro----man---tic rite,

Mu---sic mirth and dance.

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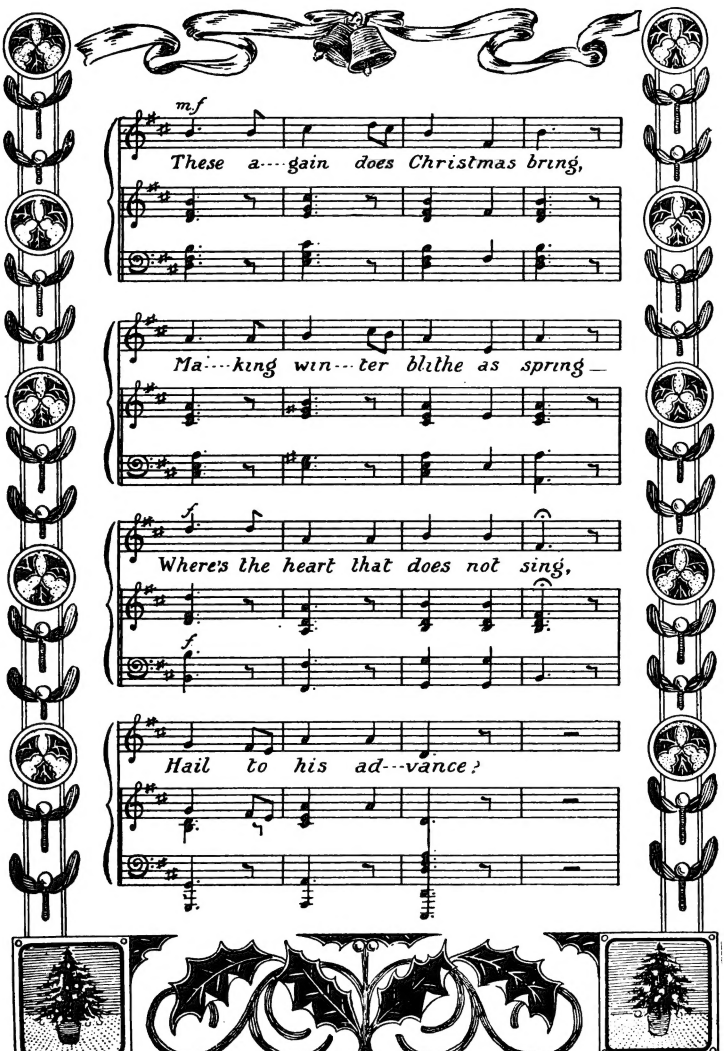

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FROM THE STALLS.

CLARE PALMER.

Her position is unique. She is one of the only social entertainers who uses the beautiful, old-fashioned harp as an accompaniment to her songs. Miss Palmer has performed before many celebrities, and is in great demand at large social functions.

Photo by *Barraud.*

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THE FIGHTER OF A HUNDRED DUELS.

In this duel the Professor has his head turned from his opponent, whom he only sees in a mirror held in his left hand.

HE has fought more than a hundred duels, M. Sulivian, and has never once been wounded—a record, is it not? And now, together with his clever wife (she is known to the stage as Petö Aranka), he astonishes the world with the most sensational sword displays ever witnessed.

Armand Maximillian Sulivan is a Hungarian. Some years ago he opened a fencing school in Buda-Pest.

Miss Aranka was one of his pupils. Her remarkable skill attracted his admiration, and admiration merged into love. They were married, so to speak, at the point of the sword. You must not imagine for a moment that Professor Sulivian's fencing bouts with his wife are merely play. Far from it, as you would discover if you glanced at the Professor's arms and shoulders. They are simply one mass of scars—all of them the scars of wounds inflicted by his loving spouse in professional displays before the public! Many of the duels which the Professor has fought have ended fatally, and on one occasion he very nearly got himself into serious trouble.

But the considerable influence he possesses in high quarters procured him his release. An officer insulted him on another occasion, but the Professor being a good-natured man at bottom, played with the foolish fellow for an hour or so, touching him with the point of his foil on every vital spot in his body; then he told him to go home and behave himself better in the future—a severe lesson, no doubt; but German and Austrian officers are none the worse for a few experiences of this nature.

A double-hand duel with daggers.

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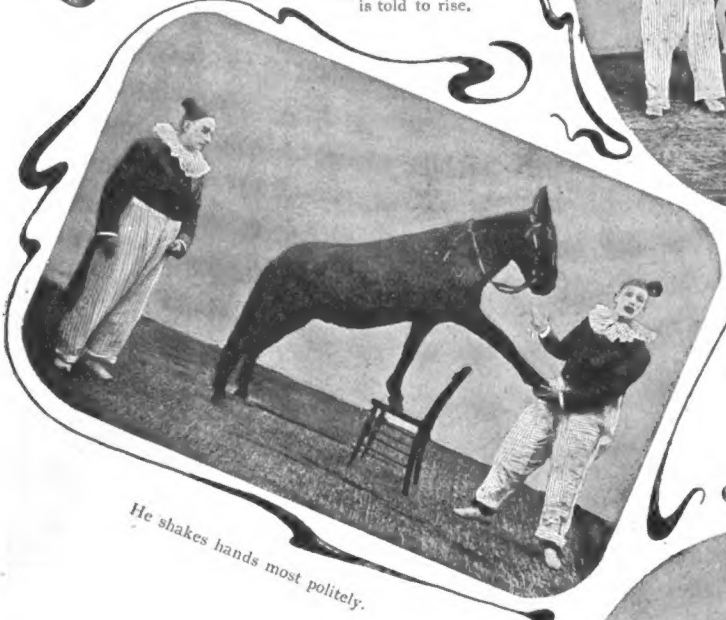
He lies perfectly still on the floor until he is told to rise.

He stands with his fore-paws on the policeman's shoulders.



He shakes hands most politely.

Embracing one of his partners.

A WISE ASS.

"As obstinate as a mule," so runs the saying. But the mule of Messrs Burke & Andrus is neither obstinate nor stupid. He hails from across the Atlantic, and earns more a week than many human actors. He can shake hands, sit down on a chair like any Christian, embrace either of his human partners, and bite a piece out of their trousers without grazing the skin. A little play was recently written especially for him. Did you see him acting in it when he was in London?

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EVIE GREENE.

She went on the stage without the knowledge of her father. Money was not too plentiful in the family—someone had to do something, "and so I became a chorus girl." That was eleven years ago. Now Evie Greene is at the head of her profession. She is a very high-spirited young lady, and in the days of her youth was a thorough-going tomboy. To-day her greatest pleasure is riding. She is tall, strong, handsome, and formidable with the gloves.

Photo by *Ellis and Walery.*

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NANCE O'NEIL.

Do you see her likeness to Edna May? Like her, Miss O'Neil hails from the land of trusts and beauties. She has played all over the world, and though still very young has made a great name for herself.

Photo. *Talma.*

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"HAPPY" FANNY FIELDS.

Why happy? "Guess it's my nature." Well, you're a lucky girl, Miss Fanny Fields, for a happy nature is worth a gold mine. Have you ever seen such a smile? But that's only for her audience. At home the smile is very discreet; she is a demure little woman. And then she is real fond of London, and likes exercise, and keeps a horse and plays with Indian clubs. Make your bow, gentlemen, and pass on!

Photos by Hana.

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THE ODD GUESTS.

By Rosalie Neish.

She was a tall, fair woman with reddish hair, that her enemies called sandy and her friends beautiful, and she stood near the doorway talking in a high, languid voice to the small dark woman beside her.

"My dear Mona," said the short woman in a loud undertone, "I am positively worn out—merely a fatigued rag. Weddings are too trying for anything. I can't go into another room, nor look at a single other present. I simply cannot."

"Very well, dear," replied Mona Lessingham, in the same high, languid voice. "You can sit here and hide in this comparatively quiet corner, and I"—she raised her voice slightly—"I will saunter into the next room and give you a chance to recover."

As the small woman nodded and sank with a sigh of exhaustion into a deep seat in the alcove, a man standing close by turned and regarded Mrs. Lessingham with open admiration.

"By Jove, what a good-looking woman!" he murmured to the girl he was with. "Who is she?"

"I don't really know," replied the girl lightly. "I hardly know anyone here. I am only the bridegroom's second cousin—once or twice removed, I think." She yawned slightly. "Do you really admire her, Tom?"

"I think she's quite lovely," replied the man briefly.

The girl laughed a little jarring note of envy.

"Really?—yes, I suppose you would; she's quite a man's woman, isn't she—red hair and tall, and a painted lily. You are all alike, you always admire that kind of woman, don't you?" She stopped suddenly. "Oh, I say, look at this bangle, Tom, isn't it perfectly exquisite, and this brooch—all the best presents are in this corner—do look, did you ever see such emeralds? Do let us go and look at the other things. Come along, Tom."

Mrs. Lessingham had meanwhile sauntered into the further room and become deeply absorbed in silver entrée dishes, needlework cushions, and the other beautiful and often useless gifts that are showered so generously on the modern bride.

She bent low over a small lace handkerchief, and, taking up the card, looked carefully at it. As she moved in her slow, graceful fashion round and round the long, crowded table, she looked up and suddenly encountered the steady gaze of a man who was standing idly in the wide bow window.

It was growing late, the greater part of the guests had already gone down into the hall to speed the parting bride and bridegroom. This man, tall, broad-shouldered, and immaculately dressed, looked, in spite of his clothes, strangely out of place. He was the only other person in the room with her. He was obviously isolated and obviously a stranger.

A light smile replaced Mrs. Lessingham's somewhat bored look as she gathered her laces about her and sauntered over to the window.

"Do you often find things are taken?" she asked, looking at him with open amusement.

He answered her with perfect frankness. "Very often indeed, madam, I am sorry to say, especially at this class of smart wedding." He spoke with great deference, and Mrs. Lessingham smiled pleasantly up at him.

"I am a cousin of the bride's," she said genially.

"Indeed, madam?"

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"What a good-looking woman!" he murmured to the girl.

"Yes, and I knew you were a detective directly I caught sight of you," this with a little air of self-appreciation.

"It was very quick of you, madam," rejoined the detective; "not that we mind ladies guessing—you see it puts thieves on their guard, and we don't like any fuss on an occasion like this. It's really better to warn people."

Mrs. Lessingham raised her eyebrows. "Do you think so? Surely it would be better to mix up with the guests and catch them in the act." She sank into a chair and regarded him with an air of much interest as he shook his head. "Do tell me what you would do if you caught anyone stealing," she asked.

The detective hesitated. "It's always a little difficult," he said slowly, "because, as I said, we always try to avoid unpleasantness if we can on such auspicious occasions."

"I really don't see why people should be let off any more at a wedding than at any other time," said Mrs. Lessingham, looking at the lenient detective with some disapproval.

"It is surely far worse to spoil people's pleasure on an occasion of this kind."

"I suppose you have seen some very interesting things in your time?" she added rather abruptly.

The detective came a little closer to her and slightly lowered his voice. "I have, indeed, madam," he said quietly—"some

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very interesting things. For instance, I helped to recover the Cariston jewels."

Mrs. Lessingham started. "Did you really? Fancy, how clever of you. I know Lady Cariston slightly."

"Indeed, madam?"

She nodded. "Only slightly; it was a clever capture."

"And a clever theft," replied the detective. "I also caught the two Burnetts," he said slowly, "you remember, about eighteen months ago. They were a nice pair. Why, they must have paid £250 a year for their flat, and they often followed up a lady's jewels for two years before they got a chance of taking them. However, I took them both at last," he added jocularly, "and they got their ten and fourteen years, and I hope they are enjoying it."

Mrs. Lessingham shuddered nervously. "Yes, it served them quite right," she said sharply. "It must be a very interesting life," she continued with a faint sneer, "but not one I should care to take up if I were a man."

The detective looked at her with a deprecating smile.

"Someone has to do it," he said apologetically, "and after all they only get what they deserve, do they not, madam?" He rose as he spoke and looked complacently at himself in a long gilt mirror that almost faced him.

"Tell me something else you have seen."

Mrs. Lessingham spoke peremptorily, but he did not turn round. He was very carefully examining a small white spot on the shining surface of a large dark blue satin tie.

"I was really trying to recollect something worth telling you," he said, turning round.

She waited impatiently.

"I remember Lord T.'s wedding," he said musingly, "when a diamond brooch was taken worth nearly £2000."

"How?" asked Mrs. Lessingham breathlessly, "how on earth did they take it?"

"It was caught up by a lady's lace scarf," he said, smiling.

"Really?—what did you do?"

"I? Oh—I merely unfastened it and replaced it in its case, madam."

Mrs. Lessingham stared at him with her mouth open.

"And you did not take her up?"

"No, madam, I did not—I should have done so; but she was a lady of title and a friend of Lord T.'s, and in merely retaking the brooch I was obeying his lordship's orders."

"Did you do nothing at all then?" asked Mrs. Lessingham, "and say nothing—but just let her go?"

"I ordered her ladyship's carriage," replied the detective with a smile; "and I handed her a note from his lordship as I put her into it, requesting her never to enter the house again. Had she been a common thief——" He paused eloquently.

"Well, had she been a common thief?" repeated Mrs. Lessingham.

"Then I should have taken her to the police station," replied the detective, with a broad and genial smile; "but being a friend of the family made all the difference."

Mrs. Lessingham rose with her usual languid grace.

"I must be going," she said amiably, "or I shall miss seeing the bride start. Good afternoon."

The detective bowed.

"Good afternoon, madam."

She moved away, and, going into the next room, went up to her friend.

"Are you ready, Amy?" she said.

"Yes, thank you, dear. I feel quite like a giantess refreshed."

"Come along, then," said Mrs. Lessingham, "and we will go and see the bride off."

They passed through the doorway into the room where the detective was standing looking down at the street below him. Mrs. Lessingham glanced towards him, but, as he made no movement, she went slowly out on to the landing. There was no one there. Drawing her friend towards her by a quick movement of her arm, she whispered sharply: "Have you got it?"

Her companion pressed a hand containing a small lace handkerchief against Mrs. Lessingham's hand.

"Both?" whispered Mrs. Lessingham hurriedly, drawing her hand away again.

"Yes," answered her friend in the same low hurried voice, "and the bangles as well."

"And they say English detectives are clever," she murmured. "Poor fellow, how easily he was taken in—if you had only heard me, Amy"—she laughed a little shrilly—"and I told him I was the bride's cousin."

"We had better get away at once," whispered her companion. She glanced impatiently at the hall below. "If only this crowd would move."

"There, that's the bride going—now they will move at last. Come along. Let's get a hansom, we can catch the five-fifty; come along—quick! This is the best afternoon we've had for months."

As they passed down the second flight of

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stairs the detective sauntered slowly down the one above them. He stood for a moment looking on to the crowd who were still watching the carriage that had turned away, and then he went quickly and noiselessly down the stairs, and, reaching Mrs. Lessingham, touched her lightly on the shoulder.

She turned round and, unable to suppress a scream, clutched hold of the balustrade beside her.

"What do you want?" she asked, trying to steady her still trembling voice. "Did I leave anything upstairs?—my parasol perhaps,"—this with assumed carelessness—"was it my parasol?"

"I am afraid I must ask you to accompany me downstairs," said the detective quietly.

"To accompany you where?" asked Mrs. Lessingham, her voice full of astonishment.

He lowered his voice to an even quieter pitch. "To the police station," he said.

"There is some mistake," she said with a sudden assumption of dignity. "Amy, dear, this man has made some extraordinary mistake. I will send for Sir Henry. You can go on in the meantime and order tea; I shall be home by the time it is ready."

The detective moved backwards into a little room off the stairs, and she instinctively followed him as he said in a more distinct voice: "I would rather avoid a fuss if I can. You had better both come quietly; I shall blow my whistle and have to use these if she goes a step further." He put the whistle to his lips and lightly moved the handcuffs in his hand. "Will you call her back?" he whispered, "quick—or shall I?"

Mrs. Lessingham paused irresolutely a moment and then cried in a distracted whisper: "Amy, come back, Amy, I, here—we want you."

* * * * *

Ten minutes later Sir Henry Marcham was listening to the detective's story.

She turned round, unable to suppress a scream.

"They are a well-known couple, Sir Henry, and I knew them directly they came up the stairs. The last time I saw them they were two old ladies staying at a Brighton hotel with grey hair and spectacles. I nearly had them then, but I hadn't sufficient evidence, and they gave me the slip. I have sent them on to the station now, with two of my men; they knew the game was up and went quietly."

"But Mrs. Lessingham seemed so—charming—so very charming; it seems impossible, it's so very distressing," said Sir Henry, who was greatly upset and annoyed.

"How did you find out if the one who took the things was in the other drawing-room?" asked Lady Marcham with interest; "and how could you talk to Mrs. Lessingham and watch the friend?"

"I took the liberty of arranging my tie in the looking-glass which reflects a corner of the table in your ladyship's boudoir," answered the detective, "and I watched one while I talked to the other."

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A Change Of Hair

Photo by Ralph.
The Kaiser's moustache gives the King a very foreign appearance.

Photo by Reichard & Lindner.
The Kaiser with the King's hair.

Photo by Levitsky.
President Roosevelt's hair considerably strengthens the Tsar's face.

Photo by R. W. Thacker.
President Roosevelt's face loses its individuality when adorned with the Tsar's beard.

I FEAR we have taken shocking liberties with sixteen great and famous living men. We have paired them and made them exchange hair, sometimes to the loss, I fear, of their originally dignified appearance. The King and the Kaiser, for instance, are hardly improved by the change, and all the individuality seems to have forsaken President Roosevelt's face, adorned as it is with the Tsar's beard.

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Photo by *London Stereoscopic Co.*
Would you know this to be Lord Salisbury?

Photo by *Jerrard.*
Would you believe that Lord Salisbury's beard would make Lord Rosebery look like this?

Photo by *London Stereoscopic Co.*
Lord Roberts has changed hair with—

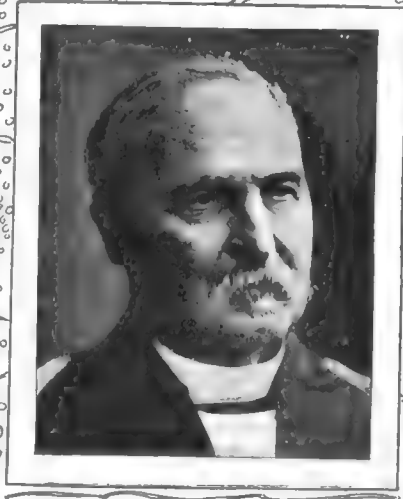

Photo by *London Stereoscopic Co.*
—the Archbishop of Canterbury. What do you think of them?

But more striking are the changes wrought on the celebrities of this page. Look at Lords Salisbury and Rosebery, especially the former. His grand leonine appearance has all vanished—indeed, we should not dare to say what he looks like now! The Archbishop, with Lord Roberts' neat little moustache and imperial, certainly becomes very martial in appearance, but the Prelate's "mutton chops" scarcely improve Lord Roberts.

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Photo by Russell & Sons.
Mr. Chamberlain has lost his orchid and eye-glass, but he has gained a fringe of beard from——

From a photo.
——Mr. Kruger, whom the orchid and eye-glass scarcely suit.

Lord Kitchener has gained a fine crop of hair from Sir Henry Irving, but has lost his martial appearance.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.
Sir Henry will never look a soldier, in spite of his Kitchener moustache.

Now, as regards Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Kruger, we took an extra liberty, which we fear the former will find it hard to forgive. Mr. Kruger was required to yield his beard, but as the Colonial Secretary had nothing to give his old adversary in return, we felt constrained to present him with Mr. Chamberlain's eyeglass and orchid. If Lord Kitchener looks like an actor or a minor poet with Sir Henry Irving's hair, no amount of moustache will make Sir Henry martial in appearance.

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Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.
If "General" Booth's beard imparts a certain dignity to Dr. Parker's face——

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.
Dr. Parker's hair certainly does not improve the "General's" appearance.

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.
M. Paderewski (with apologies to Sir Thomas Lipton).

Photo by William Blain.
Sir Thomas Lipton (with apologies to M. Paderewski).

Both Dr. Parker and "General" Booth lose all their individuality as a consequence of the exchange they have made. But Paderewski and Sir Thomas Lipton! Would the fair ones adore the former as he now appears? And as for poor Sir Thomas, I fear that even Colney Hatch would refuse to harbour him!

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PARTNERSHIP.

By Albert Spencer.

A Charade for Acting at Christmas. The Keyword is "Partnership." "Partner" is Acted in Scene I.; "Ship" in Scene II.; and the Whole Word in Scene III.

CHARACTERS.

Joseph Sharp	Frederick's uncle.	Mrs. Barker	Relict of Mr. Barker
Frederick Flight	Joseph's nephew.	Molly Vane	A pretty girl.

Scene I.	Mrs. Vane's Drawing room.
Scene II.	Frederick's Sitting room.
Scene III....	Uncle Joe's Library.

SCENE I.—(Partner).

(Molly *is reading in a low chair.* Frederick *enters scowling. She lowers her book and scrutinises him.*)

Molly. Well?

Fred. No!

(*He walks about excitedly. She shrugs her shoulders and takes up the book again.*)

Fred (*stopping beside her*). Molly!

Molly. Well?

Fred. I'm in a hole.

Molly. Who put you in?

Fred. Bills!

Molly. Won't your uncle pull you out?

Fred (*ruefully*). He's going to fill up the hole.

Molly. With a cheque?

Fred. Yes. A check!

Molly. How do you spell it.

Fred. W-I-F-E!

Molly (*sitting bolt upright*). What!

Fred. I've got to marry someone.

Molly. It takes two to make a marriage.

Fred. It's all Uncle Joe's doing.

Molly (*sarcastically*). I presume you are not going to marry your uncle.

Fred. No. He's going to marry me! (*Groans.*)

Molly. Perhaps it won't be so bad. Cheer up!

Fred (*woefully*). I *am* cheerful!

Molly. Then don't be! It's too depressing.

Permission to perform this play can be obtain d on application to the Editor, The Royal.

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FRED. Would you like it, if you'd got to marry somebody?

MOLLY. If I liked—somebody.

FRED. Suppose you didn't know——

MOLLY. I *should* know.

FRED. I mean, suppose you didn't know her—him.

MOLLY (*positively*). But I should.

FRED. *I* don't.

MOLLY (*indignantly*). You've let him choose her?

FRED. I haven't *let* him; but he's going to. (*She half rises.*) Don't be cross.

MOLLY (*furiously*). I'm not cross. (*Stamps her foot.*) How dare you say I'm cross.

FRED. You—er—looked rather—er—that is——

MOLLY. Has anybody told you that you are a donkey?

FRED (*thoughtfully*). Uncle Joe rather insinuated something of the kind.

MOLLY. What did he say?

FRED. He called me an ass.

MOLLY. And saddled you with your own debts?

FRED (*apologetically*). It's only a few little bills. Things mount up so!

MOLLY. Why don't you pay them?

FRED. No money.

MOLLY (*after consideration*). I know how you can do it?

FRED (*eagerly*). How?

MOLLY. Borrow the money.

FRED. Do you think I haven't tried *that!*

MOLLY. You could sell your bicycle, and watch, and—er——

FRED. They're—er—at my uncle's.

MOLLY. Won't he give them up?

FRED. No.

MOLLY (*indignantly*). What a horrid man! There ought to be some law to make uncles pay their nephew's bills.

FRED. He's going to pay them, on condition that I settle down and marry.

MOLLY. Doesn't he mind who she is?

FRED. She's got to be respectable (*She nods*), modest——

MOLLY. Ye—es.

FRED. A good housewife (*She makes a grimace*), quiet and retiring. (*She shakes her head.*) The advertisement said——

MOLLY. The *what?*

FRED. He's put me in the *Hymeneal Harbinger*. (*Pulls out a paper and hands it to her.*)

MOLLY (*reading*). A young gentleman of twenty-six, well-connected, highly educated, of amiable disposition, and good-looking—— Oh, Fred!

FRED. He said they wouldn't answer unless we put that in.

MOLLY (*continuing*). Desires a lady for a partner. Must be respectable, modest, a good housewife, and of a quiet and retiring disposition; not addicted to drink, smoking, betting, or the use of slang—— Well!

FRED. He's rather old-fashioned, you see.

MOLLY (*continuing*). Applicants should attend at 7, Burleigh Rise, Highton, between six and seven in the evening, bringing copies of testimonials. (*Putting down paper.*) Will the room hold them?

FRED (*horrified*). I don't want a dozen wives.

MOLLY. How many do you want?

FRED. None; at least——

MOLLY. Then refuse them.

FRED. He'd disown me.

MOLLY. Surely he'd allow you something?

FRED. Not a penny, he swears. He never breaks his word——

MOLLY. What an unpleasant man!

FRED. Can't you help me, Molly? (*Pleadingly*). We—we've been chums—haven't we? (*She nods.*)

MOLLY. What kind of a wife would you prefer?

FRED. Well—er—rather your sort.

MOLLY (*looking down*). Oh, Fred!

FRED. I don't suppose you ever thought of such a thing, but——

MOLLY. Of course not!

FRED. Neither have I. (*She frowns.*) Only—it *has* occurred to me. . . . . Haven't you ever—er——

MOLLY. No—o; at least—only that I should prefer somebody rather like you.

FRED. (*walks up and down*). I won't marry her.

MOLLY. You could be engaged for a time, and break it off.

FRED. I won't be bothered with anyone.

MOLLY (*persuasively*). Not if she's like me?

FRED. She wouldn't bother me *then*. (*Puts his arm round her.*)

MOLLY. Suppose I— Don't, Fred!—Suppose *I* answered the advertisement? And you got him to choose me? You—could always break it off.

FRED (*emphatically*). I couldn't.

MOLLY. Why not? (*Looks up innocently. He kisses her.*) Oh, Fred!

SCENE II. (Ship).

(UNCLE *and* FREDERICK *seated at table.*)

UNCLE (*pulling out his watch*). One minute more.

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FRED. I'll tell you which is the best one.

UNCLE. I shall be able to decide for myself, after perusing the testimonials. (FRED *mutters something.*) What did you say, Frederick?

FRED. Nothing.

UNCLE. Don't repeat it then.

(*A knock at the door. Servant shows in Mrs. Barker, who carries a large bag, and Molly.*)

SERVANT. Mrs. Barker. Miss Vane.

UNCLE (*handing Mrs. B. a chair*). Pray be seated.

FRED. Allow me. (*Hands one to Molly and whispers to her.*)

MRS. B. (*to Uncle*). Are you the young gentleman that is choosing a wife?

UNCLE. I am choosing the wife; but I am not the young gentleman.

MRS. B. (*archly*). It's no use telling me you're old!

UNCLE (*aside*). A very intelligent woman. (*Aloud.*) It is my nephew that—Frederick, come here.

UNCLE. Well, ladies? What are your qualifications?

MRS. B. (*opens bag and produces bundles of documents*). I have here one hundred and seven testimonials — twenty-four from the clergy, fifteen from doctors, eight from lawyers, forty-one from respectable householders, nineteen miscellaneous. Wedding lines. If my poor husband were here——

FRED. I wish he were!

MRS. B. He is better off. (FRED *and* MOLLY *nod their assent*). Certificate of his decease, which took place on board ship, being in the mercantile marine, and spending most of his happy married life away from me. Certificates of vaccination—I hope the young gentleman has been done recently?

UNCLE. I am afraid not; but, of course, if you make it a condition——

MRS. B. (*cheerfully*). I'll have him seen to afterwards. I've made a study of such things (*Produces book*, "The Family Doctor.") There's not a prescription in it that I did not give my poor husband.

FRED. O-oh!

MRS. B. (*still dipping in bag*). Certificates of cookery; specimen of plain sewing; fancy work. (*To* Fred). Does he like pretty slippers for his footsies?

UNCLE. I see you would look after him well.

MRS. B. (*firmly*). I am prepared to take entire charge.

UNCLE. Excellent.

MRS. B. If there is any other point on which I can satisfy you?

(MOLLY *whispers to* FRED).

FRED. Your birth certificate?

MRS. B. I am twenty-four.

FRED. Oh! (MOLLY *motions to him*). You were married in 1870, I see. (*Points to certificate*).

MRS. B. Three days after Easter. My poor husband was there, and——

FRED. You must have been almost too young to remember.

MRS. B. Barely eighteen (*clasps her hands*; and so innocent.

MOLLY (*sweetly*). Was your husband young and innocent, too?

MRS. B. (*tartly*). More than young people are now-a-days.

(*They glare at one another*).

UNCLE (*to Molly*). Your testimonials, Miss Vane?

MOLLY (*nervously*). Yes. I—I did not think so many were necessary; but perhaps these will do? (*Hands him some letters.*)

UNCLE (*patronisingly*). Yes, yes. Very good so far as they go. You can cook, I suppose?

MOLLY (*doubtfully*). Ye—es.

UNCLE. What can you cook best?

MOLLY (*after consideration*). Eggs.

UNCLE. How long do you boil them?

MOLLY. I—I (*inspired*) I use a sand-glass.

UNCLE. Are you acquainted with medicine?

MOLLY. Er—not very often.

UNCLE (*putting his thumbs in his arm-holes*). Suppose Frederick—Mr. Flight, that is—had a fit. What would you do?

MOLLY (*promptly*). Send for the doctor.

UNCLE. *Umph!* Suppose he was not seriously ill; just indisposed, and out of spirits?

MOLLY (*shyly*). I—I should be very nice to him.

MRS. B. *I* should give him Epsom salts.

UNCLE (*regarding Molly critically*). Umph! Er—ye-es.

FRED (*whispering excitedly*). She's the best.

UNCLE. Too young, too young. (*Looks at testimonials again.*) Mrs. Barker's testimonials are unexceptionable. (*She smiles triumphantly, whilst* FRED *and* MOLLY *look at one another dismally.*) I am afraid, Miss Vane, you can hardly expect to compete against a lady who—er—was married in 1870.

MOLLY. That is no reason why she should be married in 1902.

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FRED (*to* UNCLE). *She's* the best, Uncle.

UNCLE. At the same time your testimonials are very nice ones. If I had two ladies to choose——

(MOLLY *and* FRED *whisper. Then he whispers to* UNCLE.)

UNCLE. Umph! (*Adjusts his glasses*). Er! My nephew has made a proposal which —er—has much to commend it. Mrs. Barker fulfils every possible requirement for matrimony. I have no doubt that Miss Vane would do so—with practice. If, therefore, I, as well as my nephew, desired a wife——

FRED. Yes.

UNCLE. And you ladies were agreeable?

BOTH LADIES. Yes.

UNCLE (*bowing*.) Then it gives me great pleasure to select you both! Mrs. Barker, being fitted for the helpmate of a man desirous of leading a sedate and sober life—you agree, Frederick?

FRED. Decidedly. (*Steps towards* MOLLY.)

UNCLE. And having the best credentials.

FEED. Unmistakably.

UNCLE. Take her, my boy, (*Hands* MRS. B. *to* FRED!)

(FRED *staggers back, but* MRS. B. *folds him in her arms.* MOLLY *screams, and* UNCLE *tries to embrace her.*)

SCENE III. (Partner-ship).

(*There is a large folding screen by the door*).

(*Enter* FRED, *pursued by* MRS. B. *with a glass in her hand*).

MRS. B. You naughty boy! You've left your medicine.

FRED (*sulkily*). I don't want the beastly stuff.

MRS. B. Fie! (*Hands it to him. He throws it on the fire.*) Frederick! How can you expect your wife to love you if you behave like this?

FRED. I haven't a wife yet.

MRS. B. Don't worry, dear. Uncle is going for the licenses to-morrow.

FRED (*horrified*). To-morrow!

MRS. B. He thought it would be a little surprise.

FRED. It is! (*Walks about wildly.*)

MRS. B. You men are so impatient. I remember my poor husband before we were married——

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"You naughty boy! You've left your medicine."

FRED. Poor fellow.
MRS. B. He bought a piece of rope.
FRED. *I* shall.
MRS. B. And tied a big knot in it.
FRED. So shall I.
MRS. B. For every day before the wedding. He called the last knot the "altar knot."
FRED (*aside*). The halter knot!
MRS. B. Because you cannot alter it. Men *are* so funny!
FRED. I don't feel funny. (*Walks to the window.*)
MRS. B. Frederick. (*He does not answer.*) Frederick!
FRED (*grumpily*). Yes.
MRS. B. You will be ready in five minutes to accompany me to town. I have a few little things to get at Tape & Drapes; and——
FRED. I can't come.
MRS. B. Can't come? Why?
FRED. I'm going to the—the shop where they sell rope.
MRS. B. You can go there at the same time.
FRED. No, I can't.
MRS. B. (*tartly*). Don't talk such nonsense, Frederick. It is your duty to accompany me. My late husband——
FRED (*furiously*). Hang your late husband!
MRS. B. Frederick! As my future husband—
FRED (*in frenzy*). Hang your future husband!
MRS. B. (*sternly*). I shall expect you to be ready in five minutes.
FRED. I'm not going, I tell you.
MRS. B. I shall speak to your uncle! (*Exit*).
FRED. I shall go mad! (*Strides up and down.*) I wonder how it feels to hang! (*Hears footsteps and goes behind screen.*) (*Enter* MOLLY, *followed by* UNCLE JOE.)
UNCLE. It's time you went to the cooking class, my dear.
MOLLY. There's no hurry.
UNCLE. You've so much to learn in the next fortnight.
MOLLY. The next fortnight?
UNCLE. I am going for the licenses to-morrow.
MOLLY. No, no! I — it's too soon. (*Desperately*). Mother wouldn't like it.
UNCLE. I have arranged everything with your mother. She is ordering you some pretty dresses.
MOLLY. I don't want pretty dresses.
UNCLE (*playfully*). I want pretty cooking and sewing. By the way, my dear, I have arranged for Mrs. Barker to give you a few lessons in—er—buttons, and other accomplishments. (*Feelingly.*) She is an excellent woman, and will make Frederick a good——
MOLLY (*scornfully*). Mother!
UNCLE. Please understand, once for all, that I will not have my—er—niece spoken of in that manner.
MOLLY. It's a pity you didn't choose her for yourself, as you admire her so much.
UNCLE. Ah—h! So my little pet is jealous! (*Tries to embrace her, but she eludes him.* FRED *shakes his fist behind the screen.*) Go to your cooking, there's a good girl. The class begins in ten minutes.
MOLLY. Then you can go to it. *I* shan't.
UNCLE. What?

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MOLLY. Shan't. (*Stamps her foot.*) Shan't —shan't—shan't! (*He catches hold of her and she boxes his ears*). *SHAN'T!*

UNCLE (*going out*). I shall speak to your mother—and Mrs. Barker.

MOLLY. Oh, oh! Freddie. Freddie! (*Throws herself on the sofa.* FRED *comes out and puts his arm round her.*)

MOLLY (*very mildly*). You ought not to.

FRED. I thought you were Mrs. Barker. Why did you let me?

MOLLY. I thought you were Uncle Joe. No, I didn't.

FRED. You do love me a little bit, don't you?

MOLLY. If you got Uncle Joe and Mrs. Barker on one, and yourself and—anyone you liked—on the other?

FRED. Upon my word, I believe he'd rather use them as they were than waste the money! I'll do it.

MOLLY. Won't he suspect that you did it on purpose?

FRED. Not he! He's not sharp enough to dream of such a thing. (*Looks up and listens.*) They're coming!

MOLLY (*catching hold of him*). What shall we do?

FRED. The screen. (*They rush behind it.*) (*Enter* UNCLE *and* MRS. BARKER)

"Ah—h! So my little pet is jealous!"

MOLLY. No.

FRED. Not a *little* bit?

MOLLY. No. (*He begins to withdraw his arm.*) A great deal. (*They embrace.*) I *won't* marry your uncle.

FRED. I *won't* marry that woman.

MOLLY. If only we could make them marry one another. (*Suddenly.*) Can't we?

FRED. How?

MOLLY. If you offered to go for the licenses —and made a mistake?

FRED. A mistake?

UNCLE. I am distressed to hear such a bad account of Frederick.

MRS. B (*tearfully*). There hasn't been a day that I haven't made him up a prescription twice, and often three times. I've been nearly through the book. (FRED *shudders, and* MOLLY *sympathises with him.*)

UNCLE. I am disappointed in him. (*Sighs.*) And I fear that Molly also—— (*Shakes his head*). They are too young.

MRS. B. You don't mean to say that she is giving you trouble?

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UNCLE. She absolutely refuses to go to the cooking class.

MRS. B. (*viciously*). She needs it too! Has she done any buttons?

UNCLE (*sadly*). She put one on the back of my collar.

MRS. B. Did she sew it on firmly?

UNCLE. Very firmly; only it was a button meant for—other garments! (FRED *teases* MOLLY.) When I complained she told me to sew my buttons on myself!

MRS. B. The wicked, impudent girl! I am afraid you will not be happy with her.

UNCLE. I fear he will not be good to you. (*She sighs.*) I wish now that I had arranged matters differently, and that we——

MRS. B. Oh, Mr. Sharp!

UNCLE (*persuasively*). Say Joseph.

MRS. B. Joseph.

UNCLE (*taking her arm*). Can you say Joe?

MRS. B. (*shyly*). J—Joe! How beautiful it sounds!

UNCLE. If only they would agree to change!

MRS. B. Couldn't you persuade them?

UNCLE. They would not be so foolish. (FRED *and* MOLLY *evince great amusement.*) But—I have an idea.

MRS. B. How clever you are, Mr.—Joseph!

UNCLE. Joe.

MRS. B. Joe, dear.

UNCLE. You know I am going for the licenses to-morrow? (*She nods.*) Suppose I made a mistake, and got your name and mine on one?

MRS. B. Oh, Mr.—*Joe*!

UNCLE. And theirs on the other.

MRS. B. They might insist on your getting new licenses.

UNCLE. We should tell them it couldn't be done. They are young and innocent.

(FRED *and* MOLLY *come out.*)

FRED. Mrs. Barker!

MOLLY. Mr. Sharp!

FRED. After what I have seen and heard, I can only consult my solicitor.

MOLLY (*tearfully*). I—I shall not shrink from going into Court.

MRS. B. (*aside to* UNCLE). They'll give her heavy damages. The minx!

UNCLE. I—er—can't we come to some arrangement? Any reasonable compensation—er——

MOLLY (*dramatically*). What can compensate me for you?

FRED. He's worth fifty thousand. I can prove it. And what can make up for the loss of a lady like Mrs. Barker? Her testimonials (UNCLE *groans*), knowledge of medicine (*he groans again*), housewifely skill. Where can I find another like her?

MRS. B. I could recommend my aunt, Mrs. Potter, who——

FRED (*sharply*). No!

UNCLE (*to* MOLLY). My old friend, Mr. Green, is talking of taking a wife. If you would like me to mention you? . . . He is very well off.

MOLLY. No, thank you. I—I shall marry for love.

FRED. So shall I!

MRS. B. (*artfully*). Then you won't want money.

MOLLY. I meant love—*and* money. They make such a nice combination.

FRED. I want the money, to marry for love.

UNCLE (*to* MOLLY). I'll give you a house and furnish it when you find a husband. (*To* FRED). I'll double your allowance on your marriage.

MOLLY. What is the use of a home without an income?

FRED. What is the use of an income without a home?

MRS. B. Why don't you enter into——

ALL FOUR. Partnership!

(FRED *takes* MOLLY'S *hand.* UNCLE *takes* MRS. B.'s).

CURTAIN.

Uncle Toby and His Nephews,

. . FROM . .

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The Human Mole

The Strange Life and the Stranger Perils of the Men who Work in the London Sewers.

By

H. Jenner-Fust III.

LIFE IN UNDERGROUND LONDON.

How many inhabitants of our great London know anything of the wonderful world beneath them? How many know that there, day by day and hour by hour, men freely risk their lives in order that the great city shall have, as far as possible, a clean bill of health? The fireman, the "man on the footplate," and most of those who take their lives in their hands for the benefit of their fellow creatures, have this great advantage over the sewer-man—they at least face death in God's open air, while he faces it, and too often meets it, in total darkness, in a four-foot drain it may be, forty feet below the surface of the earth.

The London sewage is collected, in the first instance, by means of small house drains. These run into the larger street drains which, in their turn, empty themselves into the mains, and by these the sewage is carried to the outfall works at Barking and Crossness. Here it is chemically treated. The purified effluent is then allowed to flow into the river, and the "sludge," or solid matter, is prevented from following by a series of weir walls, and is allowed to settle in precipitation channels. When settled it is pumped into special vessels, which carry it ten miles out to sea, and discharge it while steaming ten knots an hour.

This brings us to the question: Are sewer-men healthy? You would naturally suppose they were not. You are wrong. With hardly an exception the men I have come across have been healthy and contented with their work. "Healthy work?" said an inspector of flushers, when I asked his opinion on this point, "certainly it is. In twenty-four years' experience I have only known one case of typhoid, and none of diphtheria. And the general health of the men is good. The work is apt to spoil one's breakfast appetite—otherwise all that one suffers from is rheumatism caused by working continually in water."

THE WRITER VISITS THE SEWERS.

It will be long before I forget my visit to underground London. An inspector of flushers was told off to accompany me, and he and his men met me in Phoenix Place at the back of the Holborn Town Hall. They introduced me to my kit. First, coarse white stockings over my trousers and socks—then waterproof boots reaching to my waist, and a serge slop and parson's hat to top up with. If I didn't look weird, I most certainly felt so!

Acting under advice I lit my pipe, and when I was ready the iron flap in the pavement, with which Londoners are so familiar, was lifted, and a well fifteen feet deep disclosed. The only way down was by means of iron rings driven into the shaft at intervals. Ladder there was none, and I blessed my athletic training. Arrived at the bottom a small lamp was put into my hand and I was told to come along. We went down a short passage which in a few yards came to an abrupt end. I could see nothing, but could hear running water apparently close to my feet.

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"Hold on, sir," said a voice just in front of me, "put your hand on my shoulder, and be careful where you tread," and with this kindly care I found myself in the sewer itself.

My sensations are not easily described. At first they were of the negative order, for, coming straight from the sunlit street I seemed to be in total darkness.

Soon, however, it was possible to see a few yards, and, as may be supposed, I looked about me with considerable interest. I found myself in a large brick tunnel some ten feet high by nine feet broad, with a vaulted roof, and tapering to an egg-shape at the bottom. An inky flood reached nearly to my knees, and my feet sank several inches into the deposit underneath.

When my eyes had got a little accustomed to the gloom we set out on our journey. A weirder one I never hope to make. Splash, splash—tramp, tramp, we made our way onwards, our footsteps echoing and re-echoing along the vaulted passage. Overhead in the busy street could be heard the rumble of heavy traffic, and I wondered to myself with grim amusement how many of the bustling throng above gave any heed to, or had any knowledge of, the work daily performed for their benefit in these caverns of the shades.

Branch drains of all shapes kept constantly coming in, varying in size from the five-foot street branch to the six-inch house drain. I went up a three-foot for a few yards, but one is practically on one's hands and knees, and, since it was impossible to turn round, I had to come out backwards. It was hardly exhilarating!

When, four hours after descending, I came up again by Blackfriars station I was not particularly sorry. At the same time it was all very fascinating, and I had got on much better than I expected. Physical fatigue was my paramount feeling. Walk for nearly four hours in heavy waterproof boots through a foot of water with a muddy bottom, and you must be strong indeed not to feel the strain.

I spent a second day under London, and that ended my experience of the great mains. In one thing I was disappointed. After the many queer tales I had heard I expected to see shoals of rats. As a matter of fact I saw only about twenty.

Accidents in sewers arise from various causes. The sudden flooding of a sewer owing to a heavy storm of rain, perhaps five miles away; foul air; the fumes given off by chemicals discharged from a factory. A discharge of steam, too, from a factory sometimes works havoc.

A SEWER FLOODED BY STEAM.

An accident of this kind occurred in Hackney early in the year, and it is a perfect miracle that any one of the five men concerned in it escaped to tell the tale.

The sewer in which it happened is three feet nine inches high. Two men named Tietjen and Rollings were twenty yards or so away from the entrance. Three more—Norris, Edwards, and Francis—were at the bottom of the entrance shaft cleaning it out.

Suddenly the sewer filled with steam. The steam came up with a rush, put out the lamps, and consequently, as the flap at the top of the shaft was shut, left the men in total darkness. Francis, who was in the entrance, bolted up the shaft. Just as he got to the top, and was trying to shove up the flap with his shoulders, it suddenly flew open.

It appears that a man at a flap some hundred yards away saw steam pouring out, and, knowing these men were at work close by, rushed round and threw up their flap. He probably saved five lives in doing so, for it is extremely doubtful if Francis, in his scalded and bewildered condition, would have been able to raise it. Anyhow he scrambled out. Norris followed, "not waiting, as you may suppose," he told me, in describing the scene, "to put my feet on the last step, but coming out with a rush, and falling full length on the pavement." Lying down with his arm over the edge of the shaft he caught hold of Rollings, whom he heard just behind him, and pulled him out.

Tietjen and Edwards were still below. Going to their help was out of the question, for volumes of steam were still pouring out of the shaft, and rising twenty feet or more into the air. No man could have lived in it for many minutes.

Norris could hear Tietjen stumbling about and shrieking horribly. He lay down again with his hand over the shaft, and listened. Soon he heard steps coming up, and reaching down, got hold of a coat collar, and held on all he knew. Throwing himself back and bracing himself for the effort he managed to pull the man out. It proved to be Tietjen horribly scalded and more dead than alive.

The explanation of his delay in getting out is simple. Charging up against the ever-increasing volumes of scalding steam in order to effect his escape he missed the entrance in the pitchy darkness, and went on past it towards the pipe out of which the steam was pouring.

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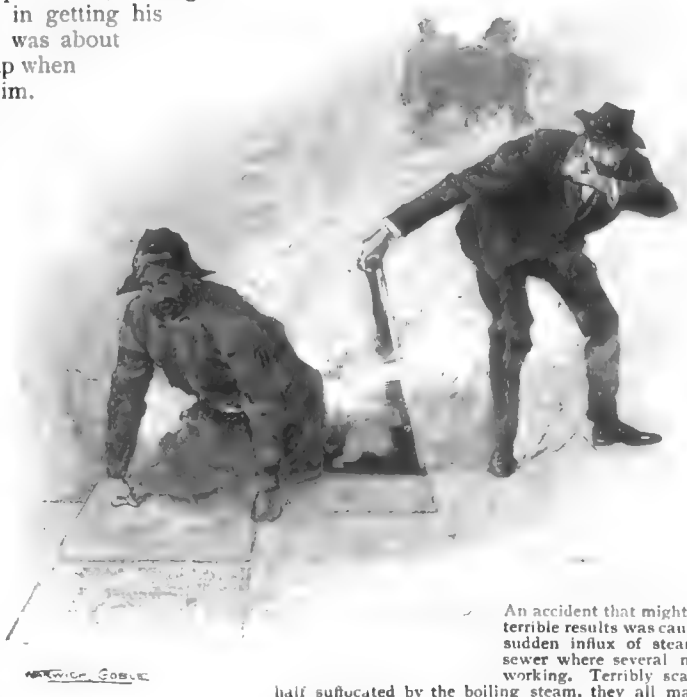
Staggering blindly on he suddenly came bang up against the "caution bar." This is an iron bar placed across a sewer a few feet from the beginning of what is known as a "ramp." A ramp is a descent of a sewer at an abrupt angle from one level to another, and resembles nothing so much as the sloping platforms by which brewers' men lower casks into a cellar.

At the bottom of this ramp was the pipe from which the stream was issuing, and if Tietjen had once got down there, he would most assuredly have never come up again. The bar told him he was wrong, and, turning back, he made one last desperate effort for his life. A few yards and he saw light—for the flap was now open—and, making a rush, he succeeded in getting his feet on the steps, and was about three parts of the way up when Norris caught hold of him.

Where was Edwards? No one had seen him come up, and by this time there could be nothing alive in the scalding hell below. He was given up for dead, but was found later on alive and comparatively well at his own home. He had come up immediately after Norris, and in the general confusion had not been seen! Tietjen, the worst hurt of the five, was in hospital six weeks.

I was taken to the scene of the accident. Standing, or rather crouching — for the sewer was less than four feet high — against the caution bar, and looking down the steep slope of the ramp to the bottom, where in the semi-darkness could be dimly discerned the pipe from the factory out of which the steam had come, one could realise in some small measure the horror of the thing. I am bound to say a large reward would have been needed to induce me to descend the ramp.



An accident that might have had terrible results was caused by the sudden influx of steam into a sewer where several men were working. Terribly scalded, and half suffocated by the boiling steam, they all managed to stagger along to the end of the gallery and up into the street by means of a ladder. One man was six weeks in hospital after this affair.

THE WRITER GETS A FRIGHT.

I was then taken to another three foot nine inch sewer. When I got down I by no means liked the look of things, and had three parts of a mind to shirk. What there was about this sewer more terrifying than the other small ones I had been into it would be difficult to say. The fact remains that I would cheerfully have given much gold to be able to get out of the business with honour. There was no help for it, however, and I followed my guide. He made the pace a stiff one, and, as there were about nine inches of "stuff" on the bottom, progress was not exactly a joy. Terrified at the idea of losing sight of him I travelled all I knew, splashing, stumbling, and sweating—swearing I had no breath for. Then my collar began to bite into my throat. I stopped to loosen it, and my leader promptly got out of sight.

I followed frantically, and on again catching sight of him, or rather of an ill defined mass, for it was nearly dark, shouted to him to go more slowly. We stopped to rest, but it is hard to say which is the less restful—travelling in a three foot nine pipe or squatting in it motionless! We pressed on.

Directly afterwards my guide stopped, and

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turning round shouted: "Get back, sir, get back, we can't get through." To this moment I can feel the tightening of my heart which followed. Was I also to be the victim of one of the awful accidents of which I had been told, caught like a rat in a trap, and with not even experience to help me?

Meanwhile I was hurrying back, all sorts of horrors chasing each other through my brain. My guide caught me, and telling me that all he feared was a ducking owing to a leak in the roof, did much to reassure me, and we went through with it. When we arrived again in the open, how I revelled in the feeling of fresh air on my cheek. I had had a thoroughly bad fright.

BRAVE MEN SUFFOCATED.

A terrible accident resulting in the loss of four lives took place at the East Ham Pumping Station in the summer of 1895.

Arthur Rutter had gone down a well for the purpose of cleaning the screen in front of the sewer pipes leading to the pumping station. He suddenly disappeared into the water, which was about five feet deep at the time. Another man, Digby, promptly went to the rescue, but when half way down he also fell into the water. Mr. Mills, the engineer in charge, then came on the scene, and in spite of protests by the men, insisted on going down. Hearing groans he asked what was the matter. He never spoke again, as he also suddenly dropped off the ladder.

It was now obvious that foul gas was at work. Undeterred, however, by the fate of his companions, Durrant went down the ladder. He at once disappeared. Jones followed, only to be overcome in his turn. Clearly any further attempts at rescue meant useless sacrifice of valuable lives, and for some time nothing further was done.

Then a bucket of fire was sent down the shaft, and it was found that the fire would burn. Now, where fire will burn man can live. Herbert Worman thereupon volunteered to go down, and at his first attempt succeeded in bringing up Jones, who was taken to the hospital and afterwards recovered.

With great determination Worman descended again, but was driven back by the foul gases. Three more attempts did this gallant man make, only to fail. At last, however, after a lapse of three hours, he brought the bodies to the surface.

All four were dead.

A SEWER FIRE!

Chemicals are a fruitful source of accident —and incident. This is owing partly to the danger from fire and partly to the noxious gases given off.

An accident in Hackney arising from the former might easily have been attended by serious consequences.

Three men were cleaning a large sewer. One of them, Edwards, was working a "board." These boards fit into the lower half of the sewer, and are used to control the flow of water when flushing operations are in progress. A few yards away were Rollings and O'Connell. Suddenly naphtha floated along on the surface of the water, and coming into contact with the naked light, at once caught fire.

There was a big blaze, and the sewer seemed to be "filled with blue flame." Rollings saved himself by crawling up a three-foot drain, which joined in close by. The other two men used the board to turn the floating fire aside, and to some extent saved themselves, but Edwards, who went down with a goodly crop of hair on his face, came out shaved as clean as a baby!

POISONED BY FOUL GAS.

On another occasion the discharge from an oil refinery into a sewer under Commercial-road, Lambeth, led to the death of two men who were working there at the time.

The sewer in question is four feet high. A few feet from the entrance of the oil works drain it changes its level to one of two feet lower by means of a drop or small waterfall. A few yards beyond this again is a manhole under which it is possible to stand upright.

At the time of the accident Ryder, Baker, and Garrod were standing under this manhole making notes on the condition of the sewer. Ryder suddenly saw liquid pouring over the drop, and considerable quantities of steam rising from it as it approached the place where he and his mates stood.

"It looked," he said afterwards, "like warm oil and water, and made me feel faint."

Much alarmed the men immediately set out for the entrance in Stamford Street more than 100 yards away. Garrod set the pace, and was followed by Baker, Ryder bringing up the rear. When they had covered about thirty yards Ryder began to feel a choking sensation, and sang out to Garrod to go faster. Fancy a race for life in a four-foot drain—nearly a hundred yards to safety, and a death-dealing stream pursuing you like a relentless tide! Imagine for a moment the horror of the thing. Ryder's recollection of what ensued is naturally somewhat obscure, but he remembers creeping on some little

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The workers in sewers have dangers of every possible nature to face. Once, while working in a large sewer, some men were surprised to notice some oily substance floating down on the top of the stream. This accidentally touched one of the naked lights carried by the men, and in a second the tunnel was filled with flames. The men only saved their lives by crouching behind a large board they were using in their work, and with its aid diverting the stream of blazing oil. As it was, both were horribly burned, and one had every scrap of hair burnt off his head.

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Once while working in a four-foot sewer, some men noticed that the stream was giving off strange fumes that made them choke and almost faint. They were the fumes of a foul and unbreathable gas, and only one man escaped, after racing at headlong speed down a four-foot gallery for one hundred yards.

distance, and laying his hands on Baker's boots; then scrambling over the body, and further on coming upon Garrod, and finally reaching the manhole at Stamford Street, and being assisted to the surface.

The bodies of Baker and Garrod were found lying several feet apart in the channel of the sewer, their faces submerged in sewage. It was proved afterwards that death was due to poisoning from foul gas. Each body had a large wound on the forehead. They must have fallen like men shot, without even extending an arm to save themselves.

A sentence in the vestry's report on the accident is instructive as showing one of the deadly perils to which those who work in the sewers are daily and hourly exposed.

"Although fouling of the sewer to the extent witnessed on May 14th (the date of the accident) may never recur, yet it can be shown," runs the report, "that chemical compounds are in store in the oil refinery capable when entering the sewer of producing sulphuretted hydrogen gas in unlimited quantity, that the bursting of a butt, the breakage of a carboy, or *even the accidental turning of a tap*, might at any moment let loose activities that would a second time sweep the sewer with a wave of lethal gas."

WHERE THE SEWERS DISCHARGE.

I paid a visit to the Barking Outfall Works. It proved very interesting. How many miles of sewers discharge their contents here, and at Crossness on the other side of the river? What would you put the figure at? Forty miles? Fifty?

Two hundred and eighty-four miles is the exact figure, including mains, intercepting sewers, and storm reliefs. The name "Storm Relief" explains itself. The ordinary mains cannot deal with the mass of water which comes in while a storm is in progress, and so these reliefs are supplied. They branch off at an angle from the main, and when the latter is filled beyond a certain point, it overflows into the relief. These discharge into the river direct.

I was not so fortunate as to actually see storm water overflowing into a relief, but it must be a wonderful sight, for the drop from one to the other is, in some cases, as much as twenty feet. I did see, however, at Barking, the purified effluent flowing over one of the weir walls. It was a remarkable sight. Standing on a narrow platform close to the fall, which at this particular weir is about fourteen

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feet high, I watched for some minutes quite fascinated.

The resistless flow of the dark water twenty feet higher up in the dim cavern only just discernible in the semi-darkness — the gradually quickening flow as it rapidly approached the fall—the glistening rush of the mighty mass as it streamed under the lamplight in its headlong descent—and the final thunderous roar, echoing and re-echoing along the vaults, as it plunged into the seething waters below and passed quickly out of sight, made up a picture most fascinating in its weirdness.

STORMS AND FLOODS.

The flooding of sewers by storm water, and the careless use of flushing gates, are both productive of bad accidents.

One accident due to careless flushing nearly cost four men their lives. In order to make clear what follows, the use of flushing gates must be briefly explained.

These gates are inserted in a sewer at intervals, so as to divide it into sections. They are opened and closed by hand. When it is desired to flush a section the gate which commands that section is opened, the mass of water which has been banked up behind it is freed, and, rushing down, effectually carries the deposit with it.

The position of the men in the sewer was as follows. A hundred yards or so below the nearest flushing gate were Day and O'Brien. Thirty yards below them again were Simpson and Harding. Some more water was wanted, and another man was sent to the flushing gate with instructions to open it *partially*.

He opened it too quickly, and, being overpowered by the rush of water, was unable to close it again. Consequently the water began to rise rapidly. Day noticed it, and sang out to his companions: "Water's rising fast, we must get out of this," and, catching hold of O'Brien, began hurrying him towards the entrance shaft one hundred feet away. The sewer was only four feet high, so it was, of course, impossible to stand upright. The lamps were put out, the shovels washed away, and the rapidly rising water warned the men that unless they made a great effort, they would not get out in time.

After a tremendous struggle these two got out, but the water was up to their necks, and another twenty yards would probably have found them both dead men.

In the meantime Simpson had been washed clean off his feet. Harding, who was just behind him, seems to have kept his head wonderfully. He went along with Simpson, but managed to keep on his own feet, and when they had travelled about forty yards, succeeded in putting him on his legs again. By this time the rush of water had subsided and they were able to get out.

AN AWFUL VOYAGE.

A few years ago Sparrow was the victim of an appalling experience; perhaps the most appalling a man has ever come out of alive.

At the time of the accident he and a man named Stanton were working in a three-foot sewer under Church Street, Deptford. Sparrow was about two hundred feet from the entrance and Stanton some twenty yards nearer. The water suddenly began to rise. Now when you are crawling in a three-foot drain there is not much room for contingencies, and both men started to make the best of their way to the entrance. Stanton just managed to grip the hands held out to him and was hauled out.

The extra rush of water caused by the removal of his body made it almost impossible for Sparrow to keep his feet, and, at last, after struggling frantically for several minutes within sight and sound of safety, he was washed clean away. For half a mile he travelled in this three-foot drain. Let him tell his own story.

"The agony I endured," he says, "no words can describe. It was a struggle between life and death. I gave up all for lost, and never expected to see the world again. I was dashed from one side of the sewer to the other, sometimes completely immersed in sewage, and making frantic efforts to raise my head above it."

Out of the three-foot he went over a waterfall—a little matter of some sixteen feet high—into a seven-foot six-inch sewer. In this he was carried several hundred yards at express speed, and finally came out, marvellous to relate, still conscious, into the well, fifty feet deep, at the Greenwich Pumping Station in which the plungers of the big pumps work.

Fortunately a grating prevented his being actually sucked in and crushed, but every rise of the mighty plunger drew him up against the bars, and nearly flattened him with the tremendous suction, and its every fall drove him out against the opposite wall, and kept him whirling round and round like a cockle-shell in the surf.

At last, he got hold of the grating, and shouted with all his strength. They heard him from the top, stopped the pumps, and got him out. When rescued he was unconscious.

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He awoke to find himself in hospital. "I was so swollen and battered," he says, "that intimate friends had difficulty in recognising me. My blood has been poisoned by the sewage and my health completely broken."

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

On May 12th, 1884, a tremendous thunderstorm broke over London, and the tropical downpour lasted for over an hour. When it began Ash and Rutherford were working in a four-foot sewer in Kilburn. The topman on the look out should have warned them to come up at once. Whether he actually did so or not was never definitely settled. But if he did, they neglected the warning.

At any rate, when the water began to rise their efforts to escape came too late. Both bodies were found two days afterwards near the outlet of the main sewer, which discharges itself into the Thames opposite the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. They had been carried clean away *from Kilburn, under Hyde Park, to Chelsea—nearly seven miles.*

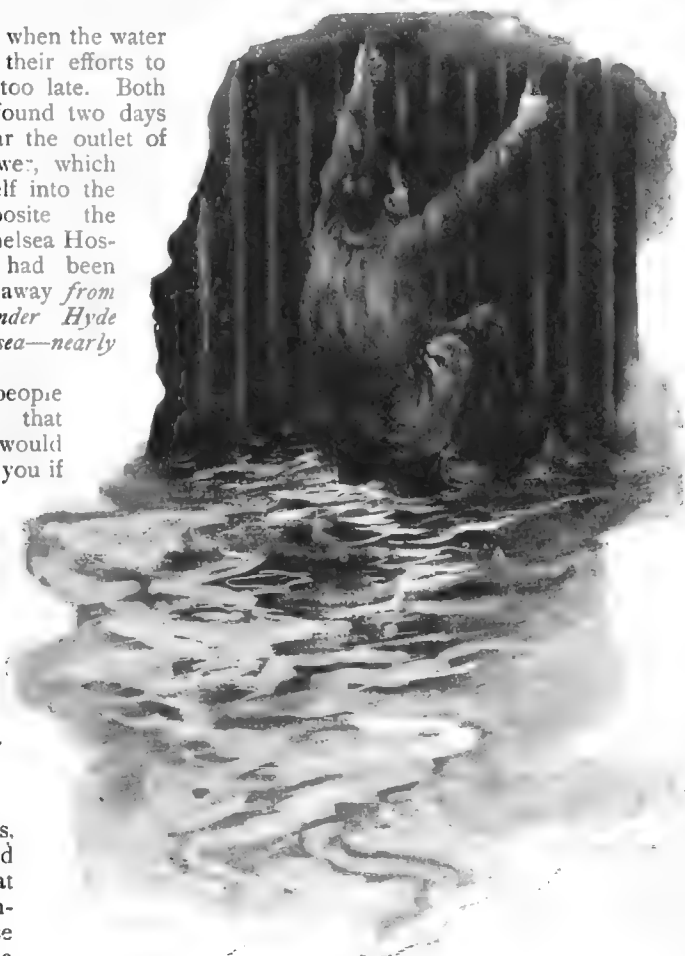
How many people in the park that afternoon would have believed you if you had told them that beneath their very feet two of their fellow creatures had just met an awful death?

SAVED BY A MIRACLE.

Two flushers, Whitfield and Deacon, were at work in a ten-foot sewer close to Belgrave Square. During a tremendous storm the water began to rise with appalling rapidity. The men made an effort to get to the nearest shaft, but it was two hundred yards away, and the water went on rising at such a pace that when they had still sixty or seventy yards to go it was up to their necks. They gave themselves up for lost.

Suddenly across Deacon's brain flashed an idea. Both men had kept hold of their shovels, and shouting to Whitfield to follow his example, he planted his shovel firmly in the uneven brick bottom of the sewer. Jamming it well home he leant it against the wall. Whitfield placed his beside it, and with the help of his companion *climbed on to the handle.* Steadying himself against the wall he got hold of Deacon and pulled him up beside him.

There they stood in the swirling flood, supported on a surface about the size of an ordinary ruler. The water slowly crept up. Now it was at their waists. Then at their shoulders. A few minutes, and it was up to their chins. Another minute and they realised it had risen no higher. Hoping against hope they waited. At last there was no room for doubt. The water was down to their shoulders. They were saved. Truly a strange adventure and a miraculous escape. There are many such in the life of the sewer-workers.



A man named Sparrow, once while working a sewer at Deptford, had an awful experience and a miraculous escape. A heavy volume of water suddenly found its way to the part where he was working, and dashed him off his feet and at headlong speed for over a mile to the Greenwich pumping station, where he was repeatedly flattened against the grating close to the huge pump. At last he managed to catch hold of this grating, and to make his shouts for assistance heard. But it was a narrow escape.

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The Regeneration of The Honourable Reggie

By J. Philpot Witham.

Time: Shortly before dinner one rainy evening in May. Scene: An old country mansion in one of the loveliest parts of Devon—the residence of Major Hatfield—in the billiard-room of which half-a-dozen young men belonging to the house party there assembled are lounging about smoking, or looking gloomily out at the pouring rain—anything, in fact, to while away the lagging time until the welcome gong shall summon them to dinner.

"A quarter of an hour more!" says the Hon. Reginald Cuthbertson—usually known as Reggie—frowning severely at the clock, and anxiously referring to his watch in the secret hope of finding the stately marble dial in error.

Tall, fair, and handsome, with a good figure and a "love of a moustache," the Hon. Reggie was a great ladies' man. One of the idle ones of this earth, his sole occupation was the pleasant one of amusing himself. With a decided taste for science and the arts, he might easily have made a name in the world, if the unfortunate accident of birth had not made the choice of a profession unnecessary for him. At athletics it must be admitted he was not great; a walk along the shady side of Piccadilly constituting the hardest exercise he usually took—and thereby hangs our story.

Reggie folded his arms and leaned idly against the wall, close to the door, which was slightly ajar.

"Proper sort—that Miss Hatfield," remarked Knoulton, the rising young barrister, in his jerky manner. "Went down with her last night. Deuced athletic girl, though. I thought I knew something about golf; but she can give me points and a beating easily! Not quite your sort, Reggie—eh? (with a twinkle in his eye). Hardly a drawing-room girl, is she?"

The Honourable stroked his moustache complacently and gave an inscrutable smile.

"Ya-as," he drawled, "Daphne Hatfield's a fine girl."

"Oh, come now, Reggie; *she* hasn't succumbed to you, has she? I can't fancy anyone making love to Miss Hatfield. There now (with a laugh), I'll lay you a fiver you don't get more than a couple of dances from her on the 15th."

Reggie was on his mettle; dances were usually his for the asking.

"I'll tell you what," he said, with unaccustomed warmth, "if I don't get more than two dances from Miss Hatfield—Yes (aggravated by the grins around him), and a kiss, too, I'll stand the lot of you the best champagne supper that the Café Royal can supply!"

There was a soft *frou-frou* of skirts in the hall outside the partly open door, unheard by

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the idlers within, and the subject of their conversation paused as she heard her name mentioned. A frown crossed her face, and she made as if to enter and confront the speaker, but changed her mind. Squaring her shoulders, she set her teeth firmly together, and passed on with a smile on her handsome, determined face that promised a lively time in store for the Honourable Reggie.

Laughing, the young men joined the rest of the party in the drawing-room, where Reggie found, to his great satisfaction, he was paired with the athletic Miss Hatfield, who proved to be the best of companions, and was particularly gracious to him.

Reggie smiled inwardly; things were going very well, he thought.

Miss Hatfield also smiled—also inwardly.

* * * * *

The next morning opened splendidly—a lovely summer day; but it was past ten before the idle Reggie turned up at the breakfast-table. Miss Hatfield was not present. She had breakfasted long ago, he learned, and was out for a spin on her cycle; and until lunch she did not again make her appearance.

That meal over, the Honourable Reggie found himself with "the Amazon," as he had privately styled Miss Hatfield; and together they strolled down to the little river which ran through part of the grounds.

"Perfect day for a row," said he innocently. "Are you fond of rowing?"

"I love it," said his companion with emphasis. "Don't you?"

"Yes," returned Reggie; whose idea of rowing, let me add, consisted of choosing a boat with a soft cushion in the stern; when, after paddling himself to a shady spot, he would moor the boat, and comfortably lie down with half-closed eyes and a cigarette between his lips "to meditate" as he called it.

A boat was promptly launched, and they stepped aboard.

"I'll row," said the fair Miss Hatfield, with a smile. "Just you lie back and smoke."

This suited Reggie very well; and, blessing his luck in having an athletic girl for a companion, he carried out her instructions to the letter.

With long, steady strokes "the Amazon" pulled down stream, and a pleasant sense of restfulness came over her lazy companion as he comfortably reclined in the stern and watched her.

Along they glided. One—two—three miles slipped by, and still Miss Hatfield rowed on with the same long, steady strokes, as though nothing could fatigue her.

"Aren't you getting tired?" said Reggie lazily. "Let me give you a rest."

"Oh, nonsense!" said "the Amazon" cheerfully. "I'm not in the least tired. (Reggie felt relieved.) You can take the oars coming back!"

Reggie started. He had not bargained for this.

Another mile. He began to look blue.

"Isn't it about time we turned?" he said anxiously, his mind on the return journey when the work was to fall to his share. "Er—(lamely) –dinner—you know."

"Oh, there's heaps of time before that. We'll just go on as far as Alton (another mile). I do so enjoy a row. Isn't it delightful?" and she looked away and smiled dreamily.

Well, he was in for it now, and no mistake. Reggie thought of the five miles up stream, and shuddered. Dash the girl! a row was all very well, but she might have some moderation even in that.

"Ah, well! here we are," said his companion at length. "Dear me—I wish we had more time; I could row on for miles—couldn't you?"

"Rather," said Reggie dubiously, with mental reservations, as he took up the oars.

* * * * *

The reader has gathered that the Honourable Reggie did not shine as an oarsman; and that his struggles were watched with amused contempt by his companion did not tend to improve matters.

"Perhaps I had better take them," said "the Amazon," holding out her hands for the oars, after a mile had been struggled through at great expense of temper and perspiration on the part of the amateur oarsman.

"Oh, I'm getting on fine," lied the luckless one manfully, as he noticed her derisive smile. "No need to hurry, you know. We'll just paddle along slowly—take it coolly."

"Oh, very well then," said his companion, struggling with a smile. Then, patronisingly, and with a touch of sarcasm: "You'll let me know when you are tired, won't you?"

Reggie writhed. If it were twenty miles he made up his mind he would see it out. *When* he was tired! Good Heaven! hadn't he had quite enough of it already! Still, he wasn't going to let a girl crow over him; so he set his teeth and rowed on.

The next mile was negotiated in silence. The fair Miss Daphne seemed interested in

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the scenery; and as for Reggie, he had no breath to spare for conversation.

His companion looked at him out of the corner of her eye, and, noticing his plight, was on the point of suggesting, in a way which would save his pride, that she should give *him* a rest. Woefully apparent as was his lack of muscle, she could not but admire the dogged way he stuck at his unaccustomed task. But suddenly remembering the incident of the billiard-room, she changed her mind, and frowned. No! after all, he deserved it; and she set her lips firmly and tossed her head. So Reggie rowed on.

When—what was that? Behind them, round a bend in the river, came a small steam launch with some of the house party on board. His eyes brightened. He blessed his luck. Here was a chance of deliverance!

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, snatching a welcome rest. "Here's the *Elfin*. We'll have a tow, shall we? It'll be great fun."

He waited anxiously—oh, how anxiously! to see if his companion would fall in with his suggestion. Suppose she should take it into her head to make him continue rowing! That would mean two more miles. Phew!

Miss Hatfield smiled slowly. But she had made up her mind: she was adamant.

"Oh, I don't think so," she said. "It's rather silly towing along behind a stupid little launch."

Reggie's heart sank.

"Rowing is so much nicer," continued his companion sweetly, "and we are getting along famously. It is only two miles from home and we have plenty of time."

"Can we throw you out a rope?" shouted Knoulton, as the launch glided past them.

"No, thank you," said Miss Hatfield. "Mr. Cuthbertson and I will paddle slowly home. We'll take it coolly, you know (with a wicked glance at the perspiring Reggie). We are having a lovely time, aren't we?" appealing to her companion.

"Very," said Reggie; for which let us hope the Recording Angel will forgive him.

The launch shot ahead, bearing with it Reggie's hopes of escape.

Miss Hatfield smiled, and the launch shot ahead, bearing with it Reggie's hopes of escape. That ass, Knoulton, he saw, was grinning. What a tale he would tell in the billiard-room that night. Reggie made a wicked remark under his breath.

How he completed those two miles he never remembers. Rowing with smarting hands and a back that threatened to break in two, he at length reached the landing stage from which they had set out some four hours (could it be only four hours!) before, Miss Hatfield to all appearances being quite unconscious of her companion's fatigue.

"Thanks for a very delightful afternoon," she said pleasantly. "It's been simply lovely." (A smile and a short pause.) "I never remember having such a row," she added ambiguously, and with a twinkle in her eye that the unfortunate Reggie did not catch.

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He smiled painfully. Neither did he remember—and he fervently prayed he should never have—another such.

The Honourable Reginald Cuthbertson did not go down to dinner that evening.

On retiring, he reviewed the situation. Miss Hatfield's pleasure in his society was most gratifying to him, but—it had its drawbacks. If only she were not so athletic! He groaned.

He looked at his own flabby muscles and smiled. "I ought to have gone in for a course of 'Sandow' before I came down here," he remarked grimly.

Casting his eyes round the room, his gaze fell on a pair of dumb-bells in the corner. He picked them up and looked at them dubiously. Should he go into training a bit? He thought of Miss Hatfield's magnificent physique, and what a poor specimen of humanity he was compared to her. Had she noticed what a "stew" he was in, he wondered anxiously? A desire in some way to make himself a little more worthy of the interest she showed in him awoke in the idler's breast, and for the first time since his school-days the Honourable Reginald had ten minutes with the dumb-bells.

Yes, and again the next morning another ten minutes. After which, with a feeling of virtue, he descended to breakfast at nine o'clock, to the great astonishment of the whole party.

"What perfect weather!" said "the Amazon," who was again his companion, as they strolled down the lawn together. She looked towards the river.

"Don't you think the rose walk beautiful?" said the Honourable, diplomatically directing her into a side-path.

"It would be lovely on the water this morning," continued his companion, hesitating at the turning. But the artless Reggie had buried his nose in a glorious *Maréchal Niel*, and did not appear to hear her remark. Miss Hatfield smiled, and mercifully did not press the matter. Probably the proverb as to there being more than one way of killing a cat occurred to her mind.

"I was out for a spin this morning," said she, "from seven till eight. It was glorious. Don't you ever cycle?"

"Oh, yes," said her unsuspecting companion incautiously. The words were repented as soon as uttered. As a matter of fact, he had not cycled for years.

"I am going over to Thorpeleigh this afternoon," she continued. "Have you seen the old castle there?"

"Should be charmed to accompany you," said the Honourable, "but (with secret congratulation) I haven't my cycle here."

"Oh! that's all right. There's dad's. He's about your size."

Here was a fix! He had not the slightest idea where Thorpeleigh was. Suppose it were ten miles away. The double journey would be no joke to a man unused to physical exertion as he was. And he had not as yet got over his boating excursion. He began to find Miss Hatfield's predilection for his society a little embarrassing.

"Thanks," said he, "that is—er—if you think Major Hatfield can spare it."

He was smilingly reassured on that point, and it was agreed they should start after lunch.

Thorpeleigh, he learned, as they were some ten miles on their way, was about sixteen miles from home, over give and take roads—and a lot sight more "take" than "give," thought Reggie!

"We will come back by the Newtown road," said his companion. "It is only four or five miles longer, but, I think, even prettier than this." Which, thought the unfortunate Reggie, no doubt meant more hilly. His surmise was correct.

Thorpeleigh was duly reached, and the matching of silks provided a welcome rest. If the ride had ended here Reggie would have been well content. But the thought of those twenty miles yet to be done made him feel uncomfortable.

In fact, by the end of the eighth mile of the return journey, he was "all to pieces," and it was with difficulty he kept up with his companion, who to his chagrin, seemed to be enjoying herself thoroughly. He seriously thought of frankly giving up; but he decided that he must keep on at all costs.

"Oh Jupiter!" he groaned. "Another excursion like this will be the death of me! What a fool I was to say I could cycle!" And with a mental resolution to be more guarded in his future conversation with "the Amazon" he plugged desperately on.

When about seven miles from home, with an up-gradient all the rest of the way, and fit to drop with fatigue, a grand idea, born of despair, occurred to him. He would "fall" off and damage his machine! Riding would then be out of the question.

His companion carried a repair outfit. A puncture would therefore only afford brief respite. The situation called for desperate measures.

A favourable spot was at hand. Hard by

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was a small wayside village, where surely, thought the long-suffering Reggie, they would be able to hire a conveyance of some sort, and finish the remainder of their journey in a more Christian manner. His companion was just disappearing round a sharp bend in the road; no one was in sight; the time had come.

Stepping quickly off his machine, with a fiendish delight he hurled it with all his remaining strength into a deep ditch which ran by the side of the road, where he saw with great satisfaction that the front wheel was badly "buckled." To rub his clothes with a liberal allowance of road dust was the work of a moment; and by the time "the Amazon" was aware of the loss of her cavalier he had regained his damaged machine and was standing brushing off the dust and ready to receive her condolences.

They both agreed it was a most peculiar occurrence, although Miss Daphne, to Reggie's alarm, asked a number of embarrassing questions which he had a difficulty in satisfactorily answering. He felt rather mean, as slowly they wheeled their machines into the village; but all their inquiries for a trap were in vain. There was nothing of the kind to be had in the neighbourhood, unless they fancied an ordinary farm cart. Reggie thought even that would be better than nothing.

"Oh! never mind, we have plenty of time to walk it," said the indefatigable Miss Hatfield decisively—"an hour and a half, say—we can easily do it in that."

There seemed no help for it, and "walk it" they did, leaving the damaged cycle to be sent for later on. Thus do the best laid schemes go wrong!

Over that homeward journey we will draw a veil. But it was a very weary Reggie that crawled into bed that night, with every bone in his body aching.

And Miss Hatfield that evening looked at her reflection in the mirror and smiled.

"I think I shall soon get even," said she, and wrinkled her brow in planning similar expeditions for the unfortunate Reggie's future "amusement."

He felt rather mean, as slowly they wheeled their machines into the village.

Meanwhile her unsuspecting victim solaced himself with the reflection, that at least he was making good headway with "the Amazon," for whose prowess he began to have an honest admiration. But the thought of his unlucky wager troubled him not a little. The way his "victim" was unconsciously playing into his hand made him feel rather mean! He would lose no time in declaring it off, he resolved; which he accordingly did next

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morning, at the same time fixing a date for the supper due from him.

This conscientiousness in Reggie was a revelation to his friends, and his conduct was the cause of much speculation on his leaving them.

"Looks like business," said Knoulton knowingly.

And the Honourable Reggie meant business.

That many girls would jump at an offer from him he knew well. But would Miss Hatfield? Was it reasonable to suppose that such a girl would care for a "drawing-room" man sufficiently to marry him? He shook his head gloomily.

It was a new experience for the Honourable Reginald Cuthbertson to thus weigh himself in the balance and come to the conclusion that he was "wanting." He suddenly made up his mind. He would return to London at once; put himself into the hands of a noted professor of "physical culture"; and, with muscles braced up, would return to the wooing of "the Amazon" with, he considered, a much better chance of success, and—incidentally—not a little more comfort to himself! This continual "playing second fiddle" to a girl was too humiliating; and he had come to the conclusion that Miss Hatfield was the one girl for him.

Accordingly he stated that urgent business necessitated his immediate return to town; whereat there was much surprise among his friends. "Business" and "Reggie Cuthbertson" were not usually mentioned in the same breath.

Was he giving up the running? thought Knoulton.

But Miss Hatfield felt sure she knew the reason, and smiled scornfully at what she considered an easy victory!

* * * * *

It was not until the Cowes week they next met. The Honourable Reginald had lost no time in his new found occupation, and it was a very different man that Miss Hatfield's gaze encountered as he sped past her father's yacht holding the tiller of his little two-and-a-half rater.

Diligent application to his self-imposed training had done wonders for him, and the grasp of his hand when he came on board shortly afterwards caused the Amazon some surprise. Was this bronzed, alert man, with his upright bearing, the same Honourable Reggie—the drawing-room lounger—she had formerly considered such a molly-coddle? If it came to a long-distance row now, she said to herself, to all appearances it would not be he who would first show signs of fatigue.

"Suppose we cry quits," suggested Miss Hatfield, holding out her hand.

But still, the Honourable Reginald saw with despair that his advances were but coldly received. How was he to know that the unfortunate wager was still rankling in his companion's mind? How was he to know, even, that she had ever heard of it?

Major Hatfield, however, seemed to find much pleasure in his society, and, at the end of the Cowes week, the delighted young man was the recipient of an invitation from that gentleman for the First, which was readily, not to say eagerly, accepted.

* * * * *

The shooting season had been in full swing for a week, when, at the request of the younger members of the house party, a picnic was arranged to a place of interest in the neighbourhood, to which all but the most ardent shots were going.

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"The Amazon" and the Honourable Reggie were of the party, and towards evening found themselves *tête-à-tête*, one of several small groups climbing the steep sides of Black Tor, to gain a glimpse of the sunset from the top.

What a scramble it was up the almost precipitous side of the hill!

Even the athletic Miss Hatfield did not despise the aid of the strong arm which the regenerated Reggie held out to her. A clever, if somewhat idle, man she had always considered him, but there was now a look of determination and strength about him which appealed irresistibly to her. She looked at him with secret admiration. Here was a man after her own heart. But that wager! She frowned.

Arrived at the top a large boulder made an excellent seat, and one on each side they sat down and silence wrapped them round; until at length, as the last brilliant rays died away, "the Amazon" turned to her companion to meet his eyes gazing admiringly at her.

She blushed and turned away with a slight gesture of annoyance.

"Miss Hatfield!—Daphne!——" he said, leaning across the stone, and placing his hand on hers. "How I have longed to tell you how I love and admire you!—How I have tried to make myself worthy of you—I——"

With a start, she drew her hand away, and rose to her full height, her eyes blazing.

There was a slip, a rattle of loose earth and stones, and with a little startled cry she had fallen over the edge of the plateau behind her, forgotten in her excitement.

Her companion scrambled down to her in a moment, and put out his arm to raise her.

"Don't touch me," she cried angrily. "Don't dare to touch me! You—you—sneak."

The young man stared at her. "I don't understand," he said, with forced calmness, thinking that perhaps the shock had bewildered her. "Let me help you up. I am afraid you have hurt yourself."

"Oh! it's nothing," she replied. "Only a sprained ankle, I believe" (with a little laugh).

Then seeing his puzzled air, and thinking his bewilderment was assumed, she continued scornfully: "Have you forgotten your wager in the billiard-room last May? It would have been better had you taken the precaution to close the door, except that," she added bitterly, "I might not have known you for what you really are. I thought you a gentleman, and—" and there was a world of scorn in her unfinished remark.

He was on his knees beside her in an instant.

"Daphne!" he cried. "What a fool I was then—what a cad! But I repented of it—honestly I did—and drew back from it almost immediately. It seemed too mean to take advantage of your kindness to me." ("The Amazon" turned away her head and smiled.)

Reggie had so far overlooked her statement as to the open door, but he remembered it now.

"Then you knew?" he said; "and yet you were good enough to allow me to accompany you?"

"Say *because* of it," said Miss Hatfield demurely.

Then, with a wicked smile: "I think I got almost even with you—Reggie?"

"By Heaven! you did!" said her companion emphatically, "and I didn't even suspect anything."

"Suppose we cry quits," suggested Miss Hatfield, holding out her hand.

Reggie took it.

"To keep, Daphne?" he said.

She smiled and blushed.

Yes; the "Amazon" was conquered, and meekly submitted to what she had previously determined her companion should never, never have from her—a kiss.

STRANGE ACCIDENT TO CAPTAIN KETTLE.

The latest news received in this country of the doings of Captain Kettle is of a very painful nature. The little sailor, it appears, while travelling in Morocco, has fallen into the hands of a hostile Mohammedan Sheik, who has spitefully amputated the Captain's right leg. This operation, it is stated, was entirely unnecessary; and it is rumoured that Captain Kettle has taken summary vengeance on his unqualified medical adviser.

The full story of this strange occurrence will be published in the Christmas Number of PEARSON'S MAGAZINE, *published November 29th.*

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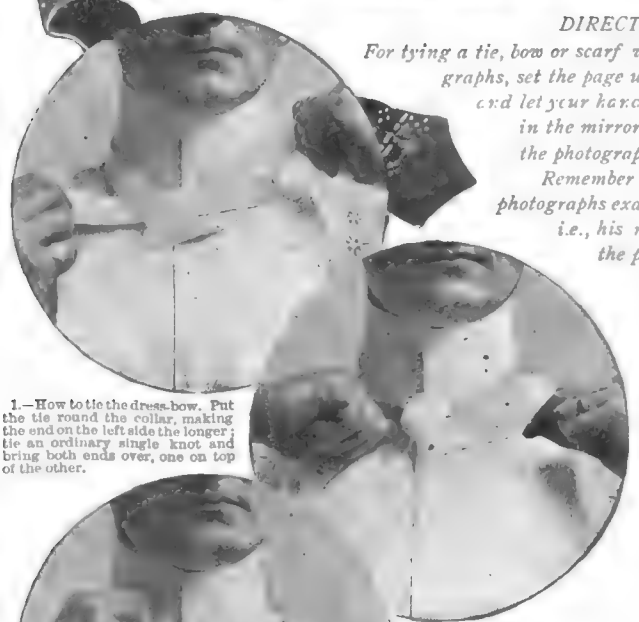
TIE TYING

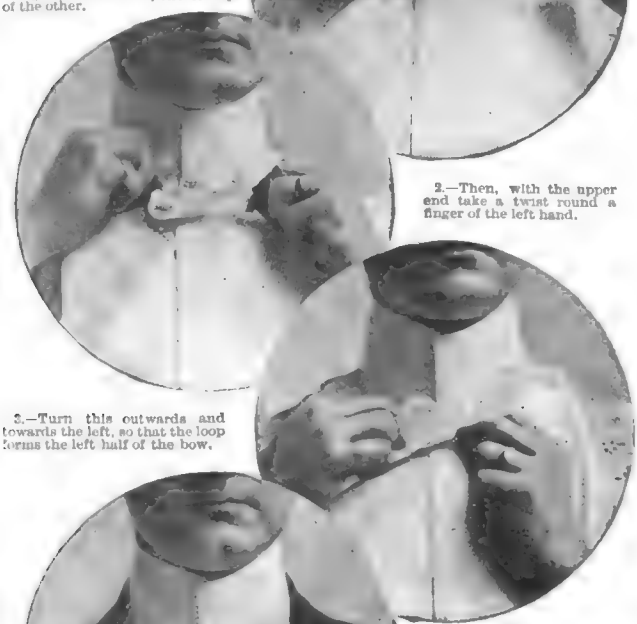
DIRECTIONS.

For tying a tie, bow or scarf with the aid of these photographs, set the page up by the side of a mirror, and let your hands make the same movements in the mirror as the hands of the man in the photographs.

Remember that the man appears in the photographs exactly as you do in the mirror; i.e., his right hand is on the left of the photograph, and vice versâ.



1.—How to tie the dress-bow. Put the tie round the collar, making the end on the left side the longer; tie an ordinary single knot and bring both ends over, one on top of the other.



2.—Then, with the upper end take a twist round a finger of the left hand.

3.—Turn this outwards and towards the left, so that the loop forms the left half of the bow.

4.—Now pull the unused end through the central loop, pull fairly tight—

5.—And you have a neatly t'ed dress-bow.

By Stanley White.

There is nothing that goes to make or to mar a man's appearance so much as the tie he wears and the way he ties it. Really well-dressed men regard the ready-made article, however cleverly counterfeited, as the height of bad form, as indeed it is. The made-up tie may be neat, but it is always tame.

Fashion and good taste by no means go always hand in hand; but the present day decree that the made-up dress bow is the worst of form is most righteous. Fashion, for instance, says that it is more tolerable to appear in a badly-arranged bow tied by the wearer than in a neat but ready-made substitute.

The reason doubtless is that a man can always find opportunities in tying his tie to make it something more than a mere machine-made, mathematically accurate arrangement of silk or stuff.

Take the ordinary sailor's knot, for instance. Everybody can tie it; it is the one important accomplishment that the millionaire has in common with other men. Walk down the street, and out of the hundred men you meet, ninety-nine will be wearing a tie more or less badly tied in a sailor's knot.

Yet it is easy to tie it well. Do not, as so many do, pull it tight, but let its curves be loose; and do not pull it into a point at the bottom, but let the lower part be nearly as broad as the upper. It is the secret of success.

Out of some ties two or more may be made.

No man need be without at least two ties, for instance, in his *répertoire*, if he will but go

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1.—To tie the Ascot, tie an ordinary single knot—

2.—leaving ends of equal length.

top end through to form the knot, just bring it over the loop, bunch it well up, and secure the whole thing with a pin. The reward in effect will be altogether out of proportion to the infinitesimal amount of ingenuity required.

In the Hopetoun you will find a tie still more worthy of your ingenuity. Not quite so high in beauty's scale is the Ascot. Once learn its mere technique and the thing is done.

It is a work of talent—not of genius. There is perfect finish in it; in the Hopetoun there is none. A man can improve upon it all his life. Still, the technique is very considerable, and, up to the last stage, identical with the Hopetoun. The main difference lies in the original cut of the scarf. The Ascot must have square ends of a uniform width; the Hopetoun should be voluminous at the extremities, tapering off gradually towards the neck.

Now I come to the sad part of this article. After all that has been said, it is to be feared that still there are not wanting those who will take base refuge in the made-up tie; and there exist only too many subterfuges, the inventions of clever but unscrupulous men, to aid them. To my sorrow I say it, but there is not one of the foregoing creations, so unlimited in their capabilities for the display of individual taste and character, which has not been imitated in the factory—not even excepting the Hopetoun. Some, indeed, are so cleverly counterfeited that only an expert can detect the fraud. They stand in relation to the tie you tie yourself as excellent paste stands to diamonds.

3.—Bring these over, and take a twist with the upper end round a finger of the right hand, throwing the end over the left shoulder.

4.—Pass the other end through the loop thus formed with the left hand towards the right.

5.—Then pull the ends, making the knot fairly tight; fold the ends across—

6.—and pin together. Then the elegant Ascot tie is complete.

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It is with a sense of guilt that I give circulation to a particularly deadly form of counterfeit, known as the Mayfair, a skilful imitation of the Hopetoun.

Formerly, when a man wore a double stand-up collar, it was considered an infallible guarantee of his orthodoxy in ties, because of the impossibility of buck-

2.—Then take a twist with this end round two fingers of the left hand.

ling the made-up article under such conditions. An ingenious fiend has changed all that. By an arrangement truly diabolical in its simplicity the band is dispensed with altogether, the tie being clipped on to the stud in front.

And you may have a bow, which, though actually hand-tied, is yet a shameful fraud. This, too, is used for the double collar, which, indeed, is necessary to conceal the artifice.

The ends of the scarf are fastened on to a tab, tied once for all into a bow at the shop, and there you are. It is fixed to the stud just as the Mayfair tie is fixed, and if you think it wants freshening up, you can go and have it tied anew, as a sort of companion

1.—To tie the "Hopetoun" scarf—tie an ordinary single knot, throwing the broad end of scarf over the right shoulder.

3.—Pass the narrow end of the scarf through the central loop.

5.—Then the "Hopetoun" is complete.

process to having your hat ironed.

Or you may have a hand-made bow—made with other hands than yours, to buckle at the back by means of false ends so artfully affixed as to deceive the elect. You may go on buckling it and unbuckling it for all time, or rather until it wears out—the bow need never be disturbed—meanwhile the wearer wrongfully obtains credit in the eyes of his fellow men for skill he never possessed.

There is, however, one aid to excellence that may be regarded more leniently. This is a bow tied by the wearer, which, instead of being cut straight, is made wide at the ends and in the middle. The effect when

4.—Draw the ends fairly tight; then fold them down over the shirt, the broad end on the top.

tied is excellent, for by reason of its straight ends and its artificial shape it helps you to attain the highest goal in a bow—a narrow centre and wide ends.

My last word to you, reader, is this: Always tie your own tie; tie it badly or clumsily, if you must, well if you can; but tie it.

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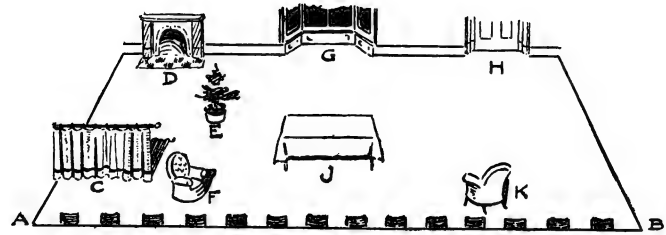

Plan of the Stage.

AB, Footlights. *C*, Curtain behind which prompter may stand. *D*, Chimney. This should be arranged across an open door to facilitate the entry of Santa Claus. *E*, Christmas tree. *F*, Arm chair. *G*, Window. *H*, Door. *J*, Table. *K*, Arm chair. The gramophone stands on table.

A CHRISTMAS CONSPIRACY.

An Operetta for Children.

By ALBERT SPENCER.

CASTE.

SANTA CLAUS...	Too well-known to be described.	WILLIE RALSTON... ...	Age 8.
THE SANDMAN	Who puts little children to sleep by sprinkling dust in their eyes.	ALICE RALSTON	Age 6.
		MR. RALSTON ... ... } MRS. RALSTON ... ... }	The children's parents.
ROBERT RALSTON ...	Age 12.	THE GRAMOPHONE ...	By itself.
FRANCES RALSTON ...	Age 10.	THE WAITS	Heard outside.
		THE CHIMES	In the belfry.

SCENE: The Ralston's Nursery

TIME: Christmas Eve.

Curtain rises showing nursery. Big chairs on either side. Mantel and window at back. Door at upper right corner. Table in centre with gramophone. Stockings hung on mantel. Children discovered in nightdresses.

(*Opening chorus by children.*)

It's Christmas Eve, and it's eight o'clock,
And we have to go to bed;
And the Sandman's coming to put us to sleep
As soon as our prayers are said.
But it makes us grieve,
Each Christmas Eve,
That we have to go to sleep.
We grieve because
At Santa Claus
We never get a peep—for we are fast asleep!

FRANCES. So we never get a peep—when Santa Claus comes—

ALICE. With sugar plums—we never get a peep.

ALL. For we are fast asleep!

ROBERT. When Santa Claus comes—with sugar plums—

WILLIE. And guns and drums!

ALL (*sadly*). Why, we all are fast asleep.

ROBERT. Yes, and I have to go to bed, too (*scornfully*) with the children. Every other night in the year but this I can stay up till nine o'clock. But on Christmas Eve I have to go to bed with the chickens.

WILLIE. Do you mean to say we are chickens?

FRANCES. Well, if I was a chicken, I'd roost on the Christmas tree. Then, when Santa Claus came to trim it I would say: "Merry Christmas, Santa Claus!"

ROBERT. Chickens don't have any Christmases. They don't wear stockings even.

ALICE. But little chickens have just lots of Easter eggs.

ROBERT (*pinching Alice's cheek playfully*). There! get to bed, little puss; and you,

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too, Willie and Frances. As for me, I'm going to wait up to see the Sandman. He does let you see him sometimes. And I'll promise him anything if he doesn't make me go to sleep.

ALL. Oh, Rob, don't be a mean boy. Get him to let us stay awake too.

ROBERT. Well, I'll try.

(*Silvery tinkling bell is heard. Enter Sandman. He is dressed in a grey gown. He wears a grey hat and he has mouse-coloured hair. He carries a bag on his back, a grey watering-can marked "Dream Dust" with grey powder in it in one hand, and he carries a little bell. He yawns continually and stretches himself as if it was hard to keep awake. Every time he yawns and stretches, those present do likewise. If done at proper intervals, this will be a very effective part of the cantata. As Sandman enters and yawns and stretches, children all yawn and stretch.*)

[*Song by the Sandman.*]

Oh, the Sandman comes at slumber time,
And his songs are lullabies;
And he carries a bell with a silver chime
And sand for sleepy eyes.
Slow, slow, you may hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw;
And a soft little bell, whose sleepy chime
Tinkles drowsily all the time.
Ding-a-ding!

The little children know him well
When he comes at close of day;
And little heads nod to his tinkling bell;
They are tired of romp and play.
Slow, slow, you may hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw;
And a soft little bell whose sleepy chime
Tinkles drowsily all the time
Ding-a-ding!

The twilight falls as he passes by,
The sun sinks down the west;
And grey and long the shadows lie,
'Tis time to go to rest.
Slow, slow, you may hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw,
And a soft little bell whose sleepy chime
Tinkles drowsily all the time
Ding-a-ding!
(*Yawns.*)

Enter the Sandman.

THE SANDMAN (*sleepily*). Come, children! To bed, to bed. The idea of your being up so late as this. And on Christmas Eve, too. (*Yawns.*)

ROBERT. Oh, Mr. Sandman. Please don't put us to sleep to-night. We want to see Santa Claus!

ALL THE CHILDREN. Yes, please, don't put us to sleep to-night!

THE SANDMAN. Why, hoity toity! Who put such ideas in your head, in the name of all nightmares?

FRANCES. We have never seen Santa Claus, and we do want to see him.

THE SANDMAN. This is enough to give me insomnia! Why, if Santa Claus sees you see him, you won't see any presents, see?

WILLIE. Yes, but we will pretend to be asleep. We'll just peep ever so little.

ALL. Yes, please, Mr. Sandman!

THE SANDMAN. Why, I'm so astonished I can hardly (*yawning*) y-a-w-n! Get to bed and let me put some dust in your eyes!

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ROBERT. No, please let us keep awake. If you will I will give you my (*feels through his pockets*) — my (*looks around room and his eye lights on the gramophone*)— I'll give you my gramophone. Yes, I will.

THE CHILDREN. It's really a lovely gramophone, Mr. Sandman.

THE SANDMAN (*uneasily regarding it*). 'Tisn't one of those alarm clocks— horrid things that wake you up when you haven't had half enough sleep? (*Yawns.*)

Mr. Ralston (drowsily, with eyes closed): Dear me, how sleepy I am!

ROBERT (*quickly*). Oh, no. This is something splendid. It is asleep all the time. It talks in its sleep, too. Want to hear it?

THE SANDMAN (*eagerly*). Yes, yes! And are you sure it snores?

ROBERT. Well, just you listen (*puts on record*).

GRAMOPHONE (*any lullaby obtainable*). (*At end of song gramophone makes usual sound.*)

ROBERT. Now it has sung itself to sleep. Don't you hear it snoring?

THE SANDMAN. I just must, or else I'll bust, have that machine!

ROBERT. Well, it is yours. Hurrah! We won't have to go to sleep then, and we will see Santa Claus.

CHILDREN. Hurrah for Santa Claus! Hurrah for the Sandman!

(*Sandman picks up gramophone and starts to go out with it, leaving children capering with joy at left side of room. At door Sandman hesitates and turns round.*)

THE SANDMAN (*appealingly*).
No one must know but just us five,
For sakes alive!
So please contrive
That Santa Claus shall not surmise
But I closed your eyes,
And at this plot did not connive.
Please do! Please do!

THE CHILDREN (*reassuringly*).
No one shall know but just us five,
And we will strive and so contrive
That Santa Claus shall not surmise
But what you closed our eyes,
And at this prank did not connive.
Thank you! Thank you!

(*The Sandman starts to yawn and almost drops gramophone. He is halfway out of door when he starts back with alarm, and with much evidence of fright rushes back and puts the gramophone on table.*)

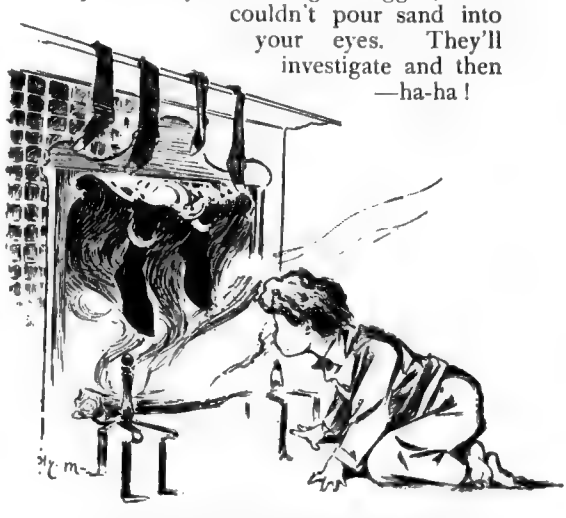
THE SANDMAN. Feather beds and fried onions!

THE CHILDREN (*sharing his alarm and making a bolt for the big chairs*). Is Santa Claus coming.

THE SANDMAN. Pyjamas and paregoric! It's pretty near as bad! It's your pa and your ma coming upstairs. They're angry about something, too!

CHILDREN. Oh, what shall we do? We shall catch it!

THE SANDMAN (*reassuringly*). I can't lose this machine that snores so sweetly, now! I've got an idea. I'll pretend that the spout of my sand-can got clogged, and I couldn't pour sand into your eyes. They'll investigate and then —ha-ha!



Enter Santa Claus down the chimney.

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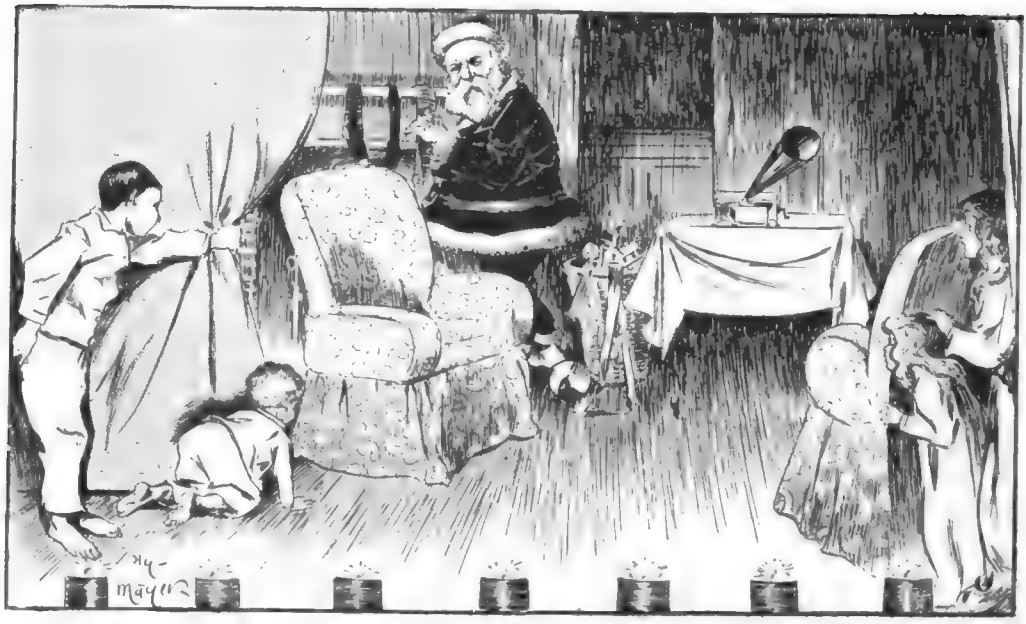

Santa Claus: And now to fill the dear children's stockings.

(*Starts to laugh and ends with a yawn. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Ralston. They are excited. They note children curled up in the big chairs and the Sandman idling in centre of room. They also look at the clock. Then they cross over to the Sandman and shake their fingers under his nose. He dodges back.*)

MR. and MRS. RALSTON (*to the Sandman, hurriedly*).

Now, if you will kindly tell us,
We'll be much obliged to you,
Why these children are awake,
And why these noises strange they make!
Answer, please, and don't mistake
That you some good excuse must make.
We fear you've shirked your duty — ooty-oo!
And if this should be the case,
We'll take good care you lose your place.
Why don't you do your duty—ooty-oo?
If this should be the case,
And our boys and girls have pranked,
They shall all be soundly spanked.
We'll do our duty—ooty-oo!

THE SANDMAN (*glibly*).

Oh, certainly, I'll tell you,
And, of course, I'll tell you true,
Why these children are awake,
And why all this noise they make;
My sand-can I chanced to break,
The sand's all in a cake,
I haven't shirked my duty—ooty-oo!

MR. and MRS. RALSTON (*relenting*).

If this should be the case,
We'll see you hold your place,
For you have done your duty—ooty-oo.
If this should be the case,
That your sand-can is clogged,
The children won't be flogged.
You tried to do your duty—ooty-oo.

THE SANDMAN. Yes, it wasn't my fault, and it wasn't theirs. Such lovely children they are, too. Why, on all my rounds, under ordinary circumstances, I never come across such delightfully sleepy children. As for Robert, he even falls asleep in school, and what more can I say than that? And, altogether, how lovely they do snore.

MR. and MRS. RALSTON. But what will we do about getting them to sleep to-night?

THE SANDMAN. Perhaps if you help me mend the can I could get them to sleep. I'll hold it up, and you just look close to see what clogs the sprinkler. (*He holds it up, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralston get their eyes close to the spout and the Sandman sprinkles the dream-dust into their eyes.*)

MR. RALSTON (*drowsily, with eyes closed*). Dear me, how sleepy I am! (*stumbles over to one of the big chairs, and falls over on it*).

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MRS. RALSTON (*at the same time*). I never was so sleep— — (*falls on the other chair*).

(*This scene between the children, their parents, and the Sandman can be made very effective if, after the sand is in Mr. and Mrs. Ralston's eyes, the Sandman will hold centre of stage, the two little boys on one side of him and the two little girls on the other, the parents down front, each a little to the side. After they get the dream-dust in their eyes, the Sandman must yawn and stretch, the boys must follow in unison, and then the girls. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ralston yawn and stretch in unison as they stumble to the chairs. This is repeated until parents fall over. Lights lower.*)

THE SANDMAN (*stealing softly from room with gramophone, while he and the children chant drowsily*).

The twilight falls as he passes by,
The sun sinks down the west;
And grey and long the shadows lie,
'Tis time to go to rest.
Slow, slow, you can hear him go,
Dust of dreams in your eyes to throw,
And a soft little bell whose sleepy chime
Tinkles drowsily all the time.
Ding-a-ding!
(*Exit.*)

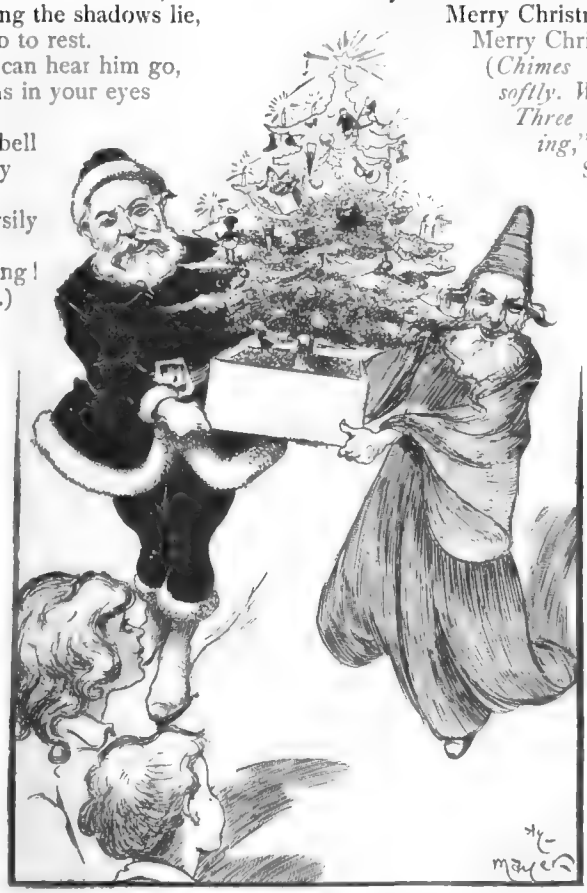
(*Outside the sound of sleigh bells is heard faintly in the distance. They come nearer and nearer. The children creep behind chairs and tables. The sleigh bells are just outside the house, and Santa Claus's voice is heard.*)

SANTA CLAUS. Whoa, Dunder! Whoa, Blitzen! (*A jingle of bells as the reindeer shake their heads. Enter Santa Claus down the chimney. Song: Santa Claus, a chime of bells playing softly outside, then ceasing.*)

See the snow-flakes earthward stealing,
Hark! the chimes of Christmas pealing.
(*Chimes softly.*)
Christmas bells far off are ringing,
Christmas waits are carols singing.
Merry Christmas to you all!
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you all!
(*Waits outside sing the carol, "God Rest you, Merry Gentlemen."*)

SANTA CLAUS.

'Tis the time of merry meetings,
'Tis the time of happy greetings,
Christmas mistletoe and holly,
Christmas cheer to make us jolly,
Merry Christmas to you all!
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you all!
(*Chimes outside ring very softly. Waits sing, "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing," while chimes ring.*)



Santa Claus and the Sandman bring in the Christmas Tree

SANTA CLAUS. And now to fill the dear children's stockings (*goes over to mantel and puts down his pack*), but first to see if they are really asleep. Sometimes they play tricks. (*Goes over to where Mr. Ralston is sleeping and bends down.*) What's this? Mr. Ralston (*goes to where Mrs. Ralston lies*) and Mrs. Ralston sound asleep and their eyes full of dream-dust. (*Brushes their eyes with handkerchief.*) Wake up! Wake ho! A light. (*Lights go*

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up. Robert emerges sheepishly from behind table.)

MR. and MRS. RALSTON. (*shaking finger at him*). Why, Robert!

(*Frances comes out, and then Willie and finally Alice. As each appears the parents repeat their names as if shocked. Santa Claus smiles as if amused at the children's prank. Children stand in row with fingers in their mouths, and do not raise their eyes.*)

MRS. RALSTON. Now, tell us what this means.

CHILDREN (*altogether confusedly*). We wanted to see Santa Claus! and the Sandman helped us! Rob gave him his gramophone!

MR. RALSTON (*sternly*). Silence!

MRS. RALSTON. You shall all be spanked.

SANTA CLAUS. Oh, no! Not on Christmas Eve! We must have nothing but happy faces on Christmas Day. But we'll call in the Sandman and hear what he has to say.

THE SANDMAN (*entering at this moment*). Here I am! Who wants me?

SANTA CLAUS. Explain your conduct.

THE SANDMAN. Pillows and poppy juice! I couldn't help it. The children said they'd give me this lovely machine (*produces gramophone*) that talks in its sleep, if I'd let them stay awake to-night, and, anyway, Christmas comes but once a year you know, and so— (*yawns*).

SANTA CLAUS. Well, you are forgiven this time, but don't expect to escape entirely. I'll enchant this machine for you. (*Waves hands over gramophone.*) Now talk to it!

THE SANDMAN (*singing to gramophone*). I'd leave my happy home for you!

GRAMOPHONE (*answering*). I don't care if you never come back.

THE SANDMAN. Great day dreams! What does this mean?

GRAMOPHONE.

All songs sound alike to me,
For I have been bewitched, you see,
All songs sound alike to me!

THE SANDMAN. Shut up! Shut up, will you? (*Pours sand from can on gramophone and himself. Gramophone commences to snore, and Sandman, with his eyes closed, snores back.*)

SANTA CLAUS (*wiping dust out of Sandman's eyes*). Here, wake up! None of this! It's Christmas Day, help bring in the tree.

(*Christmas tree is brought in. Children, parents, and Sandman form line down stage.*)

OCTETTE (*air, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden"*).

ELDERS. Tell me, little children, are there any more at home like you?

CHILDREN. There are a few, dear friends, but well behaved and proper, too.

ELDERS. Then tell us, little children, what these very proper children do.

CHILDREN. Dear friends, their manners are perfection, and the opposite of ours.

ELDERS. Then show us, little children, what these other children do.

CHILDREN.

Then take a little walk with me
Around the Christmas tree,
And a very good child I'll be.
(*They dance round and round Christmas tree.*)

ELDERS. Then tell us, little children, that no more pranks you'll play.

CHILDREN.

Oh, not on Christmas Day!
For we'll be good,
Yes, we'll be good!

ALL (*hand in hand*).

See the snowflakes earthward stealing,
Hark, the chimes of Christmas pealing.
(*Chimes outside.*)
Christmas bells far off are ringing,
Christmas waits are carols singing.
(*Waits carol softly.*)
Merry Chrismas to you all!
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas!
Merry Christmas to you all!

TEN GRAMOPHONES AS XMAS PRESENTS.

The EDITOR *thinks this a very pretty play for acting, and having ten £2 17s. Gramophones in his cupboard will give them as presents for what he considers the ten best performances. What you have to do is to send in a full description of your performance, giving the time and place, and particulars as to how it was staged, how acted, how received, the size of the audience, and so forth. From these descriptions the Editor will be able to judge which ten performances were the most successful, and will award the ten Gramophones accordingly. All envelopes should be marked "Conspiracy," and must arrive at this office not later than January the 31st.*

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"ARE YOU MAD?"

Everyday Signs whereby Insanity may be Recognised in Strangers, Friends, Relatives, and Yourself!

By H. J. Holmes.

According to an eminent lunacy expert, the man who grips his newspaper fiercely, as though he expected it to be torn from him, is on the high road to madness.

So is the man who carries his umbrella like this, gripping it hard, and swinging it carelessly backwards and forwards as he goes along a crowded street.

The man who opens his umbrella held out straight in front of him, thereby endangering the eyes and noses of passers-by, has also a taint of madness in his brain.

At the alarming rate that insanity is increasing in this country, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that in the course of time every man, woman, and child will suffer from some pronounced form of mental disease. A mad nation, my masters!

The fifty-sixth annual report of the Lunacy Commissioners, issued last August, announced the startling fact that there were no fewer than 110,713 insane persons under official supervision in England and Wales on January 1st, 1902, being 2769 more than on the same date in 1901.

The average annual increase in the ten years ending December 31st, 1901, was 2286. The increase in 1901, therefore, exceeded the average annual increase in the preceding ten years by 483.

It must be borne in mind that the enormous number of insane persons given in the preceding paragraph—a number equal to the population of a fairly large town—includes only those who have come within the cognisance of the Commissioners. There is no reason for doubting that quite as many mad people are at large—a minority of them dangerous, too—but, for family reasons, kept from the publicity almost inseparable from detention in an asylum.

Let the reader cast a thought on the number of persons whom he has met from time to time, and who are certainly very far from sane, yet enjoying that liberty which even madmen are permitted until some act of violence yields a sufficient reason for the exercise of the lunacy laws.

The fact is that these laws are not inforced with sufficient stringency. There are those who assert that the reason why the authorities do not put all madmen under lock and key, except when absolutely compelled, is because they are at their wits' end to find room for so many.

During the year 1901, 7741 persons were discharged

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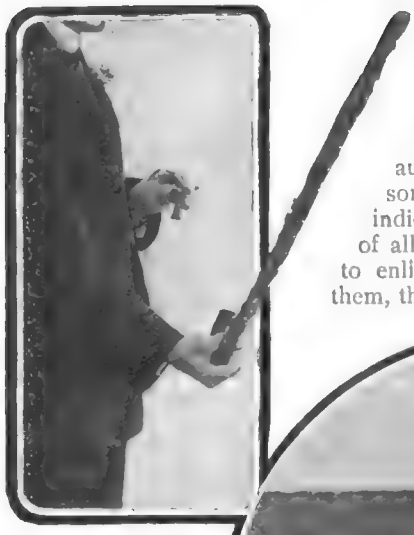
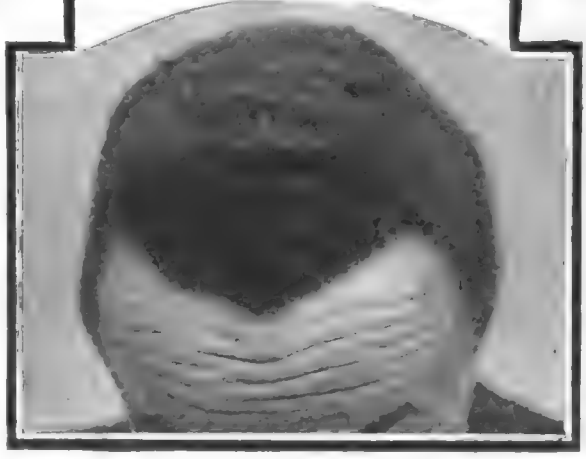


A man has also a good chance of going mad if he is addicted to swinging his stick violently round in a circle.

By way of experiment, ask your friends to draw a circle on a piece of paper. If they draw from the right to the left, you may tell them that they are undoubtedly mad.



You are certain to know plenty of people who are constantly and unconsciously wrinkling their foreheads like this. They are all mad.

from lunatic asylums "cured." At least, the medical officers of the various institutions for the insane declared them to be cured. According to previous experience, however, a large percentage of the "discharged as cured" will invariably return to confinement as mad as ever.

Meanwhile they perhaps will marry and have families; those who were already married will also add to the population. It is in this way that the increase in insanity is steadily maintained year after year.

Then there are those of the "discharged as cured" class who have been lucky enough to escape further acquaintance with asylum restraint. To what a terrible extent have they contributed to the propagation of mental disease in future generations? Doctor George S. Bunn, a brain specialist, of Boston, U.S.A., in a lecture recently delivered before an audience consisting largely of insurance men, named some of the commoner everyday symptoms which indicate incipient insanity. It was, he declared, the duty of all who first comprehended what these symptoms meant, to enlighten the unfortunate man or woman who exhibited them, that advice might be sought before it was too late.

Doctor Bunn's views regarding the actions whereby it is possible to recognise those whose mental equilibrium is beginning to sway a little, caused considerable surprise among his hearers, and it is not at all unlikely that a similar feeling will be experienced by readers of this magazine who may realise that the symptoms are by no means unfamiliar among their friends; indeed, many will doubtless be struck by the fact that they themselves must plead guilty to some of the habits which indicate an unsound mind!

Are *you* mad?

Well, believe me, you, without doubt, are in the incipient stages of insanity if you, in reading a newspaper, grip it fiercely with both hands as though you

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expected someone to tear it away from you. The man with an evenly balanced mind never clutches his newspaper in this manner. He holds it firmly but gently. To-morrow morning, on your way up to town, look around at your fellow passengers and observe how they hold their newspapers. You will doubtless see at least three out of eight exhibiting the lunatic grip!

The habit of placing the sole of one foot across the instep of the other is also a sure sign of madness, incipient or otherwise.

The man—or the woman— who makes it a habit of carrying his—or her—umbrella, grasping it tightly in the centre, is likely to become mad in the course of time.

Men who are constantly playing with their moustaches also stand a very good chance of going mad—if they are not mad already.

It has been discovered that the condition of the brain at this stage is such as to bring about mental aberration in a degree likely to engender a total disregard for appearances. This finds expression in such little things as carrying parcels in a clumsier and less comfortable way than that which is customary—and more convenient.

It is not in this way alone that the humble umbrella plays an important part in the drama of lunacy detection. A man is walking through a crowded street. It suddenly begins to rain. The man jerks his umbrella until it lies at right angles to his body in front of his face. He keeps it there, but never pauses on his way. Passers-by dodge the point of that umbrella as it makes for their faces or seeks to poke an entrance into their eye-sockets. Snap! The cover is up at last, and not till then is it raised above his head. Mad? Well, according to recent research, that umbrella fiend is pretty well on the road to a lunatic asylum.

Another embryonic maniac may also be recognised as he takes his walks abroad. This is the man who persists in swinging his walking-stick in a

If you bite your finger-nails you are undoubtedly mad, and should seek an early opportunity o being placed under restraint.

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circle as he strides through the street. A lunacy expert declares that this reprehensible habit is almost certain proof of the existence of lunacy; not one sane man in a hundred would dream of manipulating a walking-stick in this way, as stupid as it is dangerous to other users of the pavement.

How do you draw a circle? A great deal depends on whether you begin it from left to right or from right to left. Doctor Bunn has studied this point very carefully, and he has noticed that lunatics invariably begin drawing from the right towards the left, whereas a person with a well-balanced brain, such as a mathematician, commences the circle from the left towards the right.

Eccentricity in the use of pen or pencil is a sure sign of mental derangement, possibly not yet sufficiently marked to be noticeable, but nevertheless there, and often ready to break out.

Illegibility in the writing of educated adults, the frequent and often pointless underlining of words, are both common enough amongst everybody's acquaintances. In the opinion of at least one very eminent mind-specialist, both are sure signs of an unbalanced brain—as is the writing of the man whose lines run up or down across the page.

For those of us who have friends given to exaggeration—not to say downright untruthfulness—it may come almost with comforting force to know that these characteristics are due to an abnormal mental condition, only removed by a narrow margin from real madness.

Self-consciousness is another fore-runner of insanity. There is always the certainty that a man who blushes and stammers when in the presence of ladies has the little rift within the lute which may widen into something more, always the possibility that it may do so with appalling suddenness.

A Hungarian professor has devoted years to the study of lunatics and their ways, and in his capacity as visiting specialist to a large private asylum in the Hungarian capital he has ample scope for observation.

The habitual contraction of the brows and forehead, resulting in the skin forming a mass of wrinkles and eccentric lines, is given by the professor as one of the surest indications of approaching or semi-insanity.

So is the odd habit of placing the sole of one boot across the instep of the other whenever you sit down, or even when standing.

People who, in walking along the street, tap every lamp-post as they pass, or draw their fingers along walls or palings, are very far from sane. What is at first a trick of manner becomes after a time an absolute mania. Should a person given to one of these habits remember, at midnight, say, that he or she had forgotten to touch a certain post or to draw a line along a certain wall during the day, that person will, if the trick has become a mania, arise from bed to remedy the omission, no matter what trouble it may cost them.

Insanity is almost bound to follow in due course.

A watch should be constantly kept on a man's fingers and a mental note taken of the way in which they are used. For instance, if a man frequently uses them to pull or twist his moustache, there is little doubt that he is threatened with the terrible affliction.

Then again, grown persons who bite their finger-nails are in doing so exhibiting symptoms which the Hungarian expert would regard with considerable suspicion.

All these are traits which mark the men or women in the world who are either half-mad already or may become mad any day. Yet they maintain a reputation for sanity, while some who are undoubtedly sane incur the charge of madness.

The well-known balloonist, the Rev. J. M. Bacon, had an adventure which shows this but too well. He was ballooning with a friend, and, on descending to earth, they brought up unexpectedly in the garden at the back of an asylum for the insane. They were taken in to the quarters of the resident doctors, and entertained at dinner. Mr Bacon and his friend then left by the front door, promising to send a cart over for the balloon. When they reached the gates of the asylum, the porter stepped from his lodge and stopped them.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"About two hours," was the reply.

"I didn't see you go in."

"Oh, we came in at the back."

"That's strange," said the porter, "there s no door there. How did you get in?"

"Oh," answered Mr. Bacon, "we came over from X" (naming a town not far off) "in my balloon."

"Of course! I see," said the porter soothingly, "but you must wait a minute, while I send for someone to open the gates."

The gates were locked, and Mr. Bacon had to wait till a doctor arrived to proclaim his sanity.

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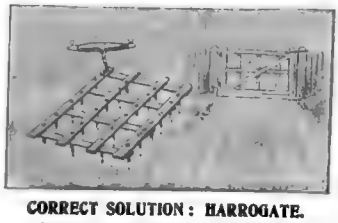
8th Set of Pictures.

5s. a Day for Life!

A UNIQUE PRIZE OFFERED TO MAGAZINE READERS.

When the Competition Closes.

The final set of pictures will be published in the April *Royal*. The last day for receiving sets of pictures will be about six weeks after the final set has appeared.



CORRECT SOLUTION: HARROGATE.
INCORRECT SOLUTIONS: (1) HARROW: Because it comprises fewer letters than Harrogate. (2) GATE (for same reason).

NOTE THAT

The prize of **5s. a Day for Life** will *not* be divided—it will be won outright by *one* person (perhaps *you*).

The sum of £100 will be divided amongst those who come next.

No attempts should be sent in until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.

What you have to do - - - -

ON THE NEXT PAGE you will find twelve pictures. Each of these pictures consists of a certain number of objects. These objects, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a town or place in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the town or place with the longest name entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from their phonetic equivalents),

An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown above, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the twelve pictures on the next page, and discover the name of the town or place which each of them represents. When you have done this write the name down in the space provided, and keep the pages by you.

Another set of pictures will appear in the January number of the *Royal*.

CONDITIONS.

1. The names must be clearly written in ink. (*Use a fine pen*).

2. Only one name is allowed under each picture.

3. No alterations are to be allowed in the words. If you have made a mistake in the spelling, cross the word out and write it again.

4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and **keep it by you until the closing date is announced in the *Royal*.**

5. You may forward as many sets of pages as you like. Each set will be accepted independently, and the pages composing it must be pinned together.

6. The name of the place with the greatest number of letters *made up of the names (or their phonetic equivalents) of the object or objects* depicted in each picture is the correct solution, but if there are two or more such names of places depicted in one picture with an equal number of letters, then each will be counted correct.

7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers who send out circulars, or whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and winners will be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

8. In the event of a tie a further, or, if necessary, several further, sets of pictures will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until one shall win the prize outright.

9. The first prize—that is, 5s. per day for life—will be payable monthly to the winner, who shall not be entitled to require that it be capitalised.

- - THE PRIZE OF 5s. A DAY FOR LIFE - -

Will be given to the competitor from whom the Editor of the *Royal Magazine* receives a set of pages containing the greatest number of correct solutions.

The sum of **£100** will be divided, at the discretion of the Editor, amongst those who come next.

All the names depicted in the sketches will be found as printed in the list of Provincial Post Offices in the Post Office Guide, which may be consulted at any Post Office, or may be purchased for 6d.

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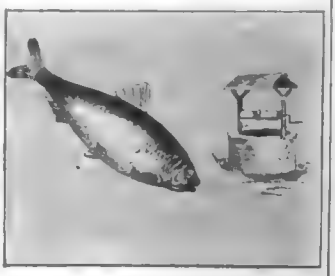

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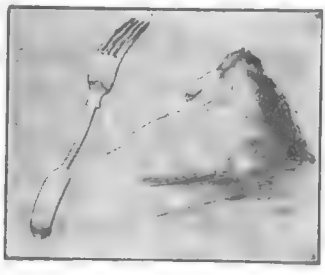

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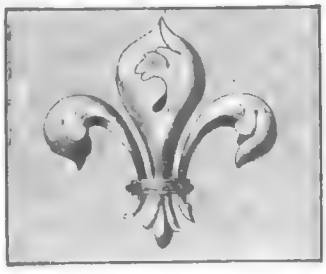

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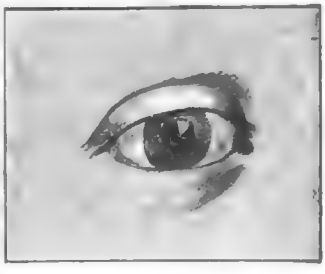

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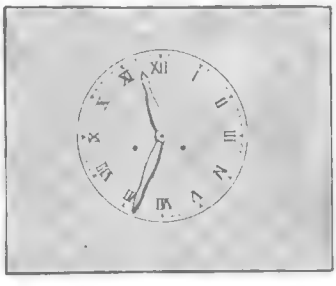

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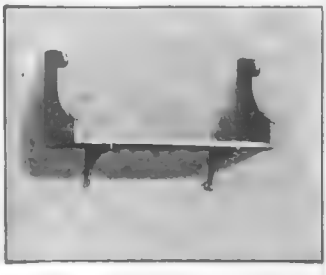

96 .....

Name..... *Address*.....

Keep all your pages of pictures by you until the competition is finished.

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My Nephew Max

By Fox Russell.

Some Extracts from a Married Uncle's Diary.

After a more or less complete rest from cares and worries of my two nephews—Max and Tommy—whose parents mercifully kept them in the South of France this season, following letter received this morning. Boys have arrived in England, a circumstance which causes me certain amount of nervous apprehension. Never know when my dear sister Constance will ask me to take charge of them again. Dread this contingency even more than in former times now that I, who have been so long a bachelor, am newly married to dear Mollie.

"Dear Uncle Charlie,

"Hear we are agane ass the cloun ses in the pantermine and jolly glad I am, I tell you, to be back in England. France is no place for boise.

"Weeve been to Sam Reemo and then traffled rite across to Arcochon and on to Beerits, oh, its beasely becos in France and orl those sort of fool countries they never play football or criket but only French novvles and siggerettes all day and drink *petty vers*.

"Well, I and young Tommy thort weed try sum *petty vers* one day, so we went into a caffy and ordered harf a pint of *petty vers* between us, jest like youd order harf a pint of shandy-gaff, but the *garsong* diddent understand so I went up to the *téte garsong* and sed: '*Voyez ici*, cockie, *nous besoin un demi* pint *de petty vers*,' and he brought us two rotten little glasses about ass big ass an eggcup each. He thort I spose that that was big enuff for boise. I took a mouthfool and by gum! it was filthy and I spat it out agane and orl the French fellers larfed and we got up and walked out orfly disgusted. I think they must have plaid sum trick on us.

"We came from Beerits in the Sud Express witch ought to be corled the Soot Express, ass you got orl over black smuts travling. Its orfly jig-joggley the train goes so farst round the curfs and a French feller was vilently throne orf his chair in the Resterong Car and we orl larfed and he sed *O Mon Doo* and *Sarpristly* and got so enoide.

"We got up and walked out orfly disgusted."

"The day before we started we wear on the Tenis Court watching sum men play, they wear orl rotters and I sed to the man next me '*Ils ne jouez pas pour des noisettes*,' — they can't play for nuts. The chap simpelly staired and sed '*Comprom pas*,' and began gibbering and gremacing so I sed '*Ne jouez pas le vertige chevre*,' —meening 'Don't play the giddy goat,' and he diddent und stand even that, orlthough I spoke his own langwitch. Sutch beastly iggnere makes a feller sick.

"The govnor who thinks hes dellykitt made us sleep in Paris at the Key D'Horsey Hotel witch is a magsneficent place with ripping bedrooms. Me and Tommy had one with a

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tellyfoan you could yell down for ennything you wanted, and we did have sum larks. We ragged the *Chambre Fait*—the Chamber-Made you know—I know you don't speak French ass I do, so I trangslate these forren terms for you—and we kept tellyfoaning the *garsong* to take things to the govnor's room witch heed never ordered, till he got so mad he sed heed never enter the hotel agane.

"We rored with larfter, and the govnor turned round sudenly and sed: 'What are you boise larfing at?' and we sed we wearnt larfing only smiling, but he ficksed his eye on us so we sed weed jest go and rot about in the corrydoor, and then arfter tellyfoaning agane for sum carfs-foot gelly and a brandy and soder to be taken to the govnor, witch just sent him frantic with rage, we did a bunk, and walked ass far ass the Shomps Eleesay.

"Then we corled a cab and told the Co-shay to drive us about for an hour, and when we came to pay, blowed if eether of us had got enny money! The Co-shay got orf the box and swore and jesticklelated, and Tommy offered him his knife with the buck-horn handel; orl I had was my led pensil and sum string and a ded mouse in my trousis pockit. He got orfly egsited and corled us *Vollers Onglays* and we had to drive back to the hotel and the govnor had to pay and he swore orfly—at leest I mean that he side hevvily—it was orlmost a grown—and sed: 'You boise are killing me, but you don't seam to mind that,' then, turning to the mater he sed: 'Sumtimes I think they must have a dubbel dose of owriggienal sin.' I wonder what he ment?

"The co-shay got orf the box and swore and jesticklelated."

"Next day we cort the boat train to Boolong and had a fine tuck in at Armiens. I had harf a foul and four hard boil eggs and part of a sifon of soder water and three cups of caffy-o-lay. Tommy had soup, finished up the govnors pint bottel of champain, and then he had sum *Limonade Gassoo* and two platefools of ham and a paket of chocklets to wind up with, and I herd a *garsong* feller say to another *garsong* feller, '*Nom d'un chiang! c'est terrible!*'—silly ass.

"Well, when we got on board of coarse the mater promptly went to her privit cabbin to be si——to lie down, I mean, and the govnor, whoose orfly depressing when he thinks he's not well, witch is orl rot, you know, sat on a camstool by the funnle, and I and Tommy just rotted about and emused ourselfs. We took the retturn tiggets out of the govnors fur ofercoat and hid them, so when the tigget feller came the govnor serched orl over the place for them, and side and growned, and we stood looking on and orlmost busting with larfter till the feller sed: 'Well, sir, Ime afraid you'll have to pay agane and ask for it back in London,' and then he saw us giggling, and sed: 'I expect them two young gents knows sumthing about it,' and Tommy looked quite hurt and began to say that it was rarther rough on a feller that he should be suspected of taking the tiggets, when Ime blowed if the littel ass didn't let them fall out of his wescoat, wear he had stuffed them up.

"There *was* a row! The govnor swore heed stand it no longer, and we should both be sent back to school next day. I said it wassent my fault that Tommy was such a fool ass to drop the tiggets, but the govnors orfly unreasnable sumtimes and he sed: 'Be silent, sir'—witch was simpelly rood, wassent it? Arfter this we both walked away to the lower deck, feeling gluemy, and I smakd young Tommy's hed for being sutch an ass.

"But harf-an-hour later we felt gluemyer still—the beasely boat would not keep still for a single moment—we had to go to the side of the ship and—well, we only jolly well wished we *wear* at school, or ennywear else on land. I tell you, Uncle Charlie, it felt orfle! And to make things worse, there was a Frenchman close by, smoaking a bad cigar—a real stinker—and I—well, I could have slane him—only I haddent the strength to even rase my hed except—except—well, *you* know—when I *had* to!

"Ass you know, my tastes are in the littry line—and if ever I want to make up some verses about fair madens dyeing, when the June roses are blowing, I shall cross the Channel on a rough day ass a prepparation. You don't know how easy it is to get sad and sorrerful then.

"Next morning we wear sent orf to school ass the govnor had threttend. This is the first time he has been so beasely firm. And he wouldent give eether of us a tip, becos he sed weed displeased him grately. Orfly selfish, issent it?

"So hear we are at school, tipless. It

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seams a pity, dont it, Uncle Charlie? Ten bob each would make sutch a diffrence in our prospex.

"And worse than orl, old Stoggins—thats our headmaster you remember—sed to us: 'You two boise have had a long holiday and must now work dubbily hard to catch up your fellow pupils in their studies.' Rot! I know jolly well he can't *make* us, ennyhow.

"Arfter all ennythings better than France. Theres no football, no cricket, no sossidges, no ginger-beer or pepments and orlthough I know the langwitch pretty well—I took second prize larst harf in the third form for French you know; only three fellers went in for it, but still, I *was* second—yet you can't rag a feller harf so well in French as in your own native tongue, can you?

"The tarts aint bad; but you can't get filled up with 'em like you can on English buns. Arfter a good plum bun—they're better for filling out than Bath buns—and a good swig of lemmernade or shandy-gaff you feel so jolly well tightened out don't you? At least I don't mean after *one* bun but arfter three or four. And if you can get a big, green apple to finish up with, by gove! Why, then you dont feel a bit peckish until next meal.

"Now, Uncle Charlie, I dont want to *hint*, you know Ime not the sort of feller to *hint* ennything, am I? And of course I wouldent say ennything in a roundabout manner, would I? and, of course, its rather a dellykitt subject, and I once herd the govnor say that he diddent approve of money matters between rellertives but of coarse being a General, he natcherally doesent know what hes talking about—no, I didn't mean that, I mean he natcherally doesent know mutch about money matters—well, not so mutch as I do, for instance, becos I have to orlways manidge the tips both for Tommy and myself and—where was I?—oh, yes, well I was going to say the govnor you see has *got* the money but I have to get it out of him—or somebody else—so thats why I know more than the—oh, I sed that before—well, to come to the point, could you *advance* me and Tommy a quid—ten bob each—for this harf?

"Of coarse I woulden dream of *reminding* you—only if you should hapen to have *forgotten* it, why you might be inclined to send it by postle order. You being a Master of Hounds of coarse you must be rarther rich so ten bob each to us wouldent make you short, would it?

"Tommy—Ime trying to leave orf corling him Stinker, becos you dont like it, though thats what orl the fellers hear corl him—sends his love and so do I, believe me,

Your affecshunt nephew,
MAX.

"And then he saw us giggling, and sed: 'I expect them two young gents knows sumthing about it.'"

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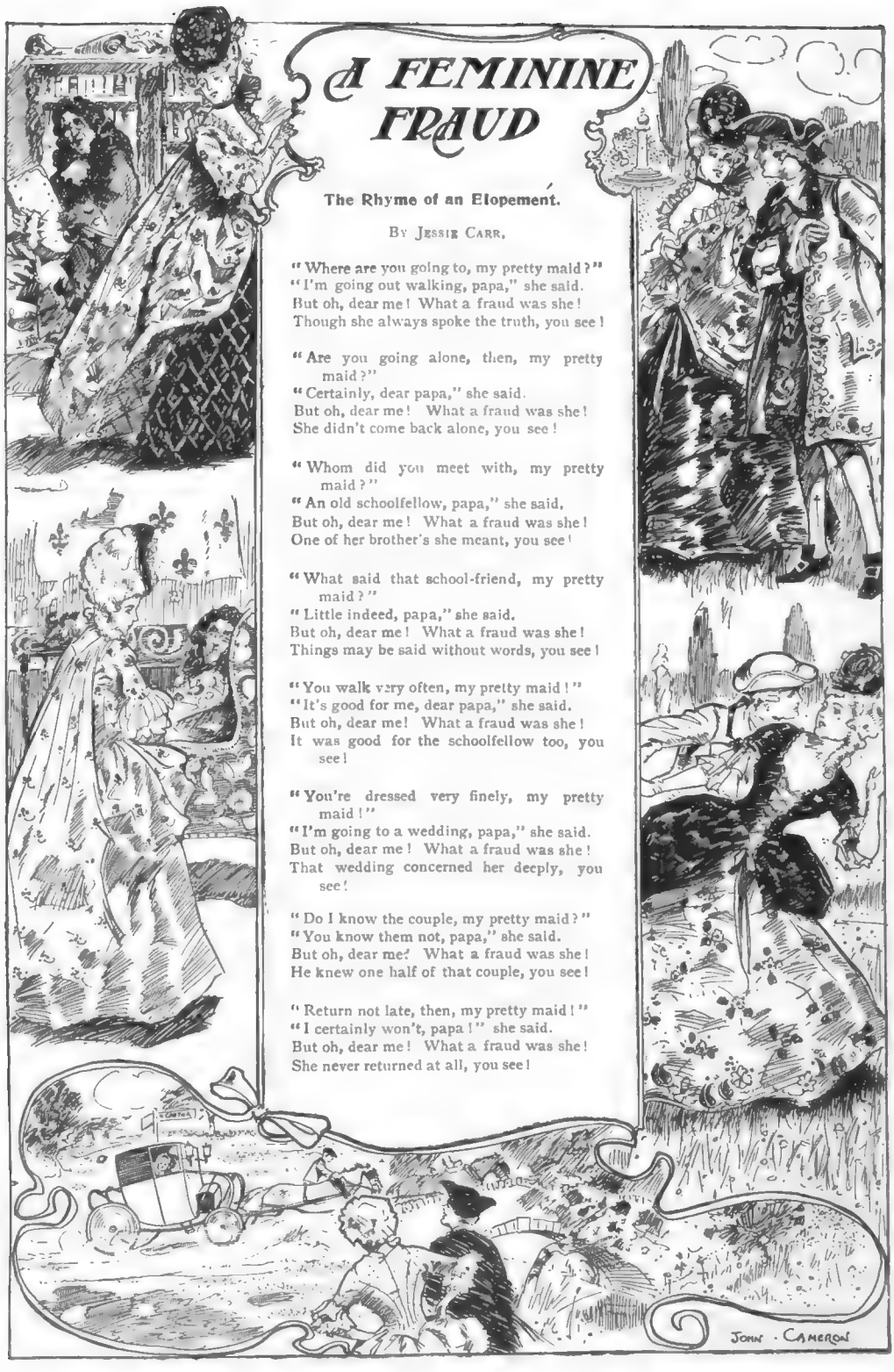

A FEMININE FRAUD

The Rhyme of an Elopement.

By Jessie Carr.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going out walking, papa," she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
Though she always spoke the truth, you see!

"Are you going alone, then, my pretty maid?"
"Certainly, dear papa," she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
She didn't come back alone, you see!

"Whom did you meet with, my pretty maid?"
"An old schoolfellow, papa," she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
One of her brother's she meant, you see!

"What said that school-friend, my pretty maid?"
"Little indeed, papa," she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
Things may be said without words, you see!

"You walk very often, my pretty maid!"
"It's good for me, dear papa," she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
It was good for the schoolfellow too, you see!

"You're dressed very finely, my pretty maid!"
"I'm going to a wedding, papa," she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
That wedding concerned her deeply, you see!

"Do I know the couple, my pretty maid?"
"You know them not, papa," she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
He knew one half of that couple, you see!

"Return not late, then, my pretty maid!"
"I certainly won't, papa!" she said.
But oh, dear me! What a fraud was she!
She never returned at all, you see!

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PLAYING WITH SHELLS AND FIREARMS

How Herr Paul Conchas Treats 350lb. Shells like Tennis Balls, and Stops Cannon Balls with his Head.

By Edward Charles.

A Krupp shell falling from a height of six feet, and weighing some three hundredweight, would not be a pleasant customer, if one were underneath it. I have not tried the experiment myself, but you are quite at liberty to do so if you like. Put one of these big shells on the mantelpiece and lie on the floor and let it fall on your neck.

Herr Paul Conchas has lately been performing most marvellous feats at the Hippodrome, and will show you how to juggle with Krupp shells weighing three hundredweight as easily as if they were lawn tennis balls. He will bend over, and his assistant will throw these shells on to his neck, and he will catch them with as little concern as he would light his pipe. You must be a pretty strong man to catch one of these shells with your hands, to say nothing of catching one on your neck.

Herr Conchas balances a 3cwt. shell on a six foot stick, balances the stick on his forehead—

—and then knocks it away, allowing the enormously heavy shell—

—to fall on the back of his neck. Only the phenomenally developed muscles on his shoulders prevent the shell from falling on his spinal column and killing him.

Conchas takes a stick six feet in length, and on this stick he balances a shell of the above weight. Raising the stick hand over hand till it is on a level with his forehead, he bends back and balances it there, while all the audience trembles to think what would happen if the stick gave way, and the huge ball were to fall on the head of the intrepid performer.

Suddenly, with a quick movement, he knocks away the supporting stick. There is a moment of suspense, and a thrill runs through the whole house as the shell descends with all its weight towards his head. Little cries

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One of Herr Conchas's most difficult feats is to balance the wheels and axle of a gun carriage on his head. Once while doing this the weight of the top wheel (which is all the time kept spinning) broke the axle, and the whole apparatus descended on the performer's head, sending him to hospital for two months.

are heard and faint screams are followed by a long drawn breath of relief, and a thunder of applause, for the shell has landed on the performer's neck, and is safely balanced there.

Then, Herr Paul turns to the audience, stands upright and takes a deep breath—for he is exhausted after his efforts—while the huge shell drops off his back on to the stage with a bang and rolls harmlessly away. He has no time to take breath while he is balancing the shell. He did try once, he tells us, but the shell was too quick for him and sent him sprawling all over the stage in the most undignified manner.

"It took me two years to attain the present weight, two years of constant practice," Herr Conchas explained. "I started on a wooden dummy shell of two or three pounds weight and dropped it from quite a small height. I gradually increased the weight and the height until I could catch with ease a real shell of two hundred pounds. This I brought before the public, and, increasing the weight by small bits, I at length could catch this shell of three hundred and fifty pounds. Of course, you will understand that I cannot practise for any length of time at a stretch, for such a weight is a great strain on the whole system."

Herr Conchas went on to explain how he has to bend his back and throw up the shoulder muscles to prevent the weight of the shell falling on to the top of the spinal vertebræ, where it would probably break his neck. These muscles, of course, require a great development, so that, when stiffened, the shell will fall between them and the back of the head into a sort of groove.

Conchas has another very clever trick. He takes a couple of sticks, each a foot long, and grooved at the ends. Dropping the shell into the groove on one of these sticks, he balances it on his forehead, and places the other stick on his chin, leaning it up against its fellow. The trick consists in rolling the three hundred and fifty pound shell from one stick to the other. Here the weight of the shell must be added to the difficulty of balancing it on the sticks. Again, you must remember that the shell is only twelve inches from the performer's face, and if the trick failed, we could not vouch for the safety of his features at so short a distance.

With the shells Conchas has had no bad accidents, as he has always managed to get away his head in time when the trick has failed to come off quite correctly. But he had a nasty accident once when balancing a

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gun-carriage and its wheels, (one of which was spinning at a good smart pace) on his chin. The total weight was two hundred and eighty pounds, and it will be seen that this is no easy trick to accomplish. The axle of the carriage broke on one occasion, and the top wheel fell on the performer's head. He was confined to hospital for two months.

Conchas has a favourite trick of balancing on his chin a piece of furniture in the shape of a table, chair, and awning. On the chair sits a soldier, eating his dinner. The table is resting on the stage, the soldier quietly enjoying his meal, when Conchas runs on, and, before you can say "Jack Robinson," the soldier, chair, table, dinner and all are high up in the air balanced on the chin of the performer. For the success of this trick a great deal depends on the position and balance of the man in the chair.

It may have been that the soldier was nervous when he found himself suddenly lifted bodily off the stage, or it may have been a miscalculation of the performer, but one day, as the house was ringing with the plaudits of the audience, the whole lot of them came down, and the two men, the table and chair tumbled headlong into the orchestra, bringing the military march to an abrupt conclusion, and sadly disorganising the conductor and his musicians. However, we are glad to say that there was no damage done save to one or two of the fiddles.

"I had a most amusing experience once when showing at Buenos Ayres," said Conchas. "There was a young man in the audience who, thinking to score off me, declared that the man I lifted up in the chair was one of unusually light weight. I, of course, denied this, and my clever young friend took a bet with me of twelve to one in champagne that I could not raise him in the chair, as he was a big and heavy man.

"I lifted him up with great ease to the huge delight of the audience, who always love to see a noisy man put down. Then an idea occurred to me. I cried out between my clenched teeth to my man that if he didn't double his stakes and pay up twenty-four bottles of champagne, I would let him down a bit faster than he bargained for. Needless to say, I got my two dozen of the sparkling wine, and a capital advertisement besides."

Conchas' greatest strength lies in the muscles of the shoulder and neck, wherein his work mainly lies. This will be more

Another trick in the way of a balancing marvel. The performer raises on his chin a piece of furniture combining awning, table, and chair; also a man eating his dinner. Much depends on the balance of the man in the chair, and once, when this was not perfect, both lifter and lifted fell headlong into the orchestra.

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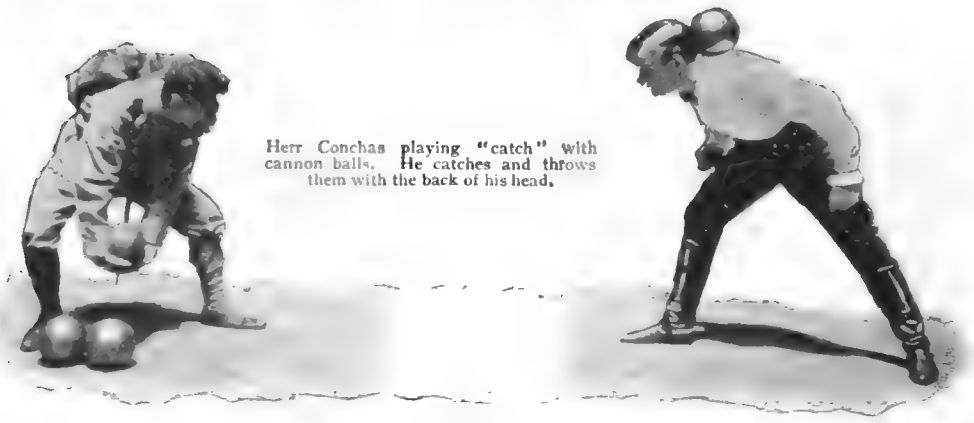

Herr Conchas playing "catch" with cannon balls. He catches and throws them with the back of his head.

readily believed when we find that he uses his head *to stop cannon balls.* It isn't everyone who would have the nerve to stop a heavy ball fired from a cannon, and fewer still would use their heads as a buffer for that weighty projectile. But Conchas does this, catching the ball in a cup on the top of an indiarubber helmet

Concerning this trick he tells us an amusing story against himself. He had determined to try the feat, but found that his courage was a bit behind his wishes. In fact the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. You see the ball was of twenty-one pounds' weight, and was fired from a cannon at a distance of twenty feet. So Conchas put on his helmet with the indiarubber cup, and said to his assistant: "Now, I will say one—two —three. At the word 'three' you must fire the gun and I will catch the ball in my helmet."

"Very good, sir," said the assistant, and he got behind the gun.

"One—two—"

But that was all the assistant heard that day, for Conchas couldn't summon up enough courage to say "three." Next day they had another try, but still with the same result. The word "three" never came. And so it happened for no less than a fortnight. Conchas was there, the cannon was there, and the cannon ball was there, as large as life, or a bit larger. But each time the requisite courage failed to put in an appearance.

A very difficult trick is the balancing of a drummer boy on the very edge of his chin. The feat is made the harder by the drummer's beating the drum all the time.

The very awkward part of the thing was that Conchas had billed the show to appear in a fortnight's time on the stage. The night arrived, and the ball had not moved from the cannon's mouth. However, it had to be done, and there was no more to be said. So Conchas went boldly on to the stage, took up his position, and said the words — "One — two — three."

Bang! went the gun. Away went the huge ball. A heavy thud, and Conchas was bowing to the delighted audience, with the truant shell comfortably settled in the top of his helmet. He might have been killed, or he might have been held up to the ridicule of the angry audience, if the "three" had never come. But that he could never have borne, so he spoke the word, and scored a great triumph.

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Lovers' Lane

HAZEL hedgerows, tall and stately,
Guard the nestling walk of love,
Ancient sycamores sedately
Join protecting arms above;
Rustling leaves are still repeating
Whispers, kisses, sighs and fears,
Heard at every lovers' meeting
Through the far forgotten years.

PRIM peruke and Watteau dresses,
Rapier and redingote,
Rigid ruff and jewelled tresses,
Speeches tuned to courtly note.
Squires and dames of bygone fashion
Wandered through the leafy shades,
Murmuring their tender passion
Centuries of men and maids.

BLANKING swords have done their duty,
Powdered heads lie very low;
Gallant heart and peerless beauty
They have gone where all must go;
But with lips that fail and falter
Love still pleads his magic, claim,
Though the style of speech may alter
Yet the meaning's just the same.

JESSIE POPE

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PAMELA'S PRISONER

By Dorothea Deakin.

It was a terrible night.

Pamela drew the crimson curtains close together, piled more coal on the fire, already half way up the chimney, and told herself for the third time that it was extremely inconsiderate of Mr. and Mrs. Cairns to leave her for the whole night in that big lonely house, without a soul to turn to if anything happened.

"You won't be frightened, miss," the farmer's wife had said to her as she tied her violet satin-bonnet strings in the porch. "You'll have Hannah in the house with you, and there's William almost within call."

Hannah was sixty-five, and very feeble for her age. She was worse than nothing, and Pamela said to herself that before she called upon William, the helpless and incapable and the soundest sleeper in the parish, things must be bad indeed. And here she was with Hannah asleep at the other end of the house and William in an out-house across the farmyard, without so much as a dog to keep her company. She tried to assure herself that she wasn't in the least frightened, but she wished she could forget something Mr. Cairns had told her before he went away.

"One of them cussed convicts is loose on the Downs," he said pleasantly. "He's been gone three days and there's a troop of soldiers searchin' day and night. He'd a' bin a deal more happy in gaol this weather, I'm thinkin', and there's not a soul will dare to take him in. A gentleman, too—a bank manager, he was. They say ten years' penal—for forgin' someone's name—convicted on circumstantial evidence, the papers said. He'll be wishin' he hadn't learnt to write by this time. Lord! What a drowned rat of a man he'll be when they catch him."

Pamela grew more and more pitiful as she cowered over the fire and listened to the raging storm outside. What a night to be out in! Surely someone had taken him in. He must be half dead by this time, from cold and hunger. She almost wished she could help him. No doubt he was innocent. Circumstantial evidence was no evidence at all—and—Ah! What was that?

Somebody was blundering heavily across the yard, and Pamela's heart almost stood still with fright. Someone knocked at the back door, softly at first, then loudly and impatiently.

She went into the narrow stone-flagged passage with white face and shaking limbs, and drew the great wooden bolt with fingers that almost refused to move. The door flew open with a fierce gust of wind and rain, and a man staggered in to lean against the clean white-washed walls and shade his dazzled eyes from the light of the small oil-lamp.

It was then that Pamela felt, in a flash of mingled pity and horror, that she was face to face with the escaped convict. No one else would have worn so hunted and appealing a look, and surely no ordinary traveller would have been so drenched and stained with rain and mud.

"Could you give me something warm to drink?" he asked, in a humble husky voice, and Pamela, terrified to the point of speechlessness, pointed mutely to the kitchen door.

When a man has been wandering about on the Downs in a stormy night, almost blinded with wind and rain, it must be a foretaste of Heaven when he finds himself in a comfortable chair before a roaring fire, ministered to by a pretty girl with a coffee-pot in her hand

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and a sympathetic look in her eye, and at first he seemed too stupefied to speak. Presently, however, he found his voice and began to apologise.

"I must explain how I came to be here," he said rather feebly. "I have been in the hospital with brain fever for weeks and weeks, and I only came out a few days ago. You see my hair." Pamela noticed the close-cropped head, and thought to herself that she understood the meaning of that—"and like a fool I went out on the Downs this afternoon. A beastly fog came up and I lost my way somehow. Then this awful storm broke out, and I have been wandering about ever since. I am pretty nearly dead beat."

Pamela stopped him.

"I quite understand," she said gravely. "You needn't trouble to explain to me. I mean to do what I can to help you, but I would rather you didn't say any more."

The young man looked at her and rubbed his hands nervously. This girl was very nice and rather pretty, but——

He was sitting in Mr. Cairns's big wooden chair, with a red chintz cushion under his head, and Pamela noticed how thin and white his face was, and how furiously his clothes were steaming in the warmth of the fire, and she told herself that for him rheumatic fever at least would be the end of the adventure.

"He looks quite a boy," she thought, "and if he gets caught again he will be very ill, with no one to nurse him."

An idea came into her head, and she ran up to the farmer's room and brought out a large shiny suit of Mr. Cairns's second best clothes.

"Take these things and a can of hot water into the back kitchen. Bring your wet ones back and I will dry them by the fire. I will give you some supper when you have changed."

The convict obediently did as he was told, and Pamela put the cold meat and the loaf on the table and made the coffee.

"They won't miss a slice off the joint," she said thoughtfully, "and a loaf more or less doesn't matter. As for the coffee, it shall come out of my canister."

The door flew open with a fierce gust of wind and rain, and a man staggered in.

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She went to get it out of the shiny little corner cupboard in the tiny sitting-room she rented from the farmer and his wife, and, with a sudden burst of generosity, brought him her own pot of honey and some of the gingerbread her mother had sent her.

She found him holding on to the dresser, looking very white and shaky, but much cleaner. He came unsteadily across the kitchen to meet her.

"That wretched fever has left me horribly weak," he said. "There seems to be a fate against my getting back my strength. I can't bear to think of you taking all this trouble. I don't know how I can ever begin to thank you."

Pamela spoke rather impatiently.

"It is nothing," she said. "You will feel better when you have had some food." She wished he wouldn't try to keep up that wretched farce about the hospital when she had assured him that she knew everything. When the supper was gone, he went back to the big wooden chair, and somehow they drifted into conversation.

He told Pamela that he had been a correspondent in the late war, and spoke so graphically and picturesquely of all he had seen and done that she grew interested in spite of herself, and although she told herself that she didn't believe a word of it, she drew her chair nearer and listened attentively with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes.

Then he told her of the skirmish in Egypt in which he had received the nasty head cut which had almost cost him his life, and Pamela began to wonder how it was that he could invent such a tissue of lies and tell them with every semblance of truth.

"He ought to be a novelist," she said to herself. "How clever he is." No doubt he was perfectly innocent, but she did wish he wouldn't try to deceive her with these elaborate romances when it was all so simple.

"How is it that you are all alone?" he asked presently, watching her turn the wet, muddy coat at the fire. "It isn't safe for anybody here on the Downs, especially with the prison so near."

A horrible idea flashed across Pamela's mind. Suppose he was trying to find out who was there, preparatory to murdering her and robbing the house.

"You are mistaken," she said, trying to speak with confidence. "I am not alone. There is a woman in the house and a man within call. I am very well protected indeed," but she knew in her heart that this was false, that she was absolutely without help, and that before she depended on William's courage, moral or physical, she must have tried every other means and failed.

Then Pamela's quick ears caught the sound of the out-house door being loudly opened and shut, a second pair of feet, heavier and clumsier than the first, crossed the yard — a heavy, uncertain knocking sounded on the door.

"Quick," she cried, "if William sees you everything is lost. You must creep into the coal-cellar, and I will go to the door."

The young man stared.

"I don't quite see—but yes, of course," he said, "if you think it best. I suppose your people will object to your feeding the hungry and clothing the muddy at this time of night."

"Why will he keep on pretending? Can't he trust me?" muttered the girl. Aloud she said:

"Oh, don't stop to argue. William will hear your voice."

She pushed him into the cupboard and shut the door, then went out to the back door.

"What do you mean by coming banging like that at this time of night? Are you ill?"

The farm-man was trembling visibly, and the hay-fork he was armed with tapped to and fro against the door-post in his shaking hands.

"It's a terrible night, miss, an' all manner o' strange noises and shapes be abroad. I'm thinkin' as 'ow if I was to sleep in the master's chair by the kitchen fire, it would be a deal safer, not to speak of the comfort to yourself of havin' a man to protect ye."

This was too much.

"Go back to your bed," she cried, "you great gawby. I'd rather have a cat to protect me than you."

William didn't answer. He would have liked to argue the point, but Pamela banged the door in his face and went back to let her convict out of his coal-cellar, and they laughed together over William's valour, though she knew that it would be impossible to keep up the pretence of his protection any longer.

The clothes took a very long time to dry, and Pamela and the refugee grew more and more interested in each other. She told him about her life and all the dull routine of school-teaching, how she came here every year for her holidays, and how lonely she was. And he went on with his stories of the war and his college life, until at last Pamela

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woke to the fact that the clothes were quite dry and that her visitor was a convict fleeing from justice.

It was impossible for him to have done anything dishonourable, she was sure. She *knew* he was innocent. At last he was ready to go, and she went to the door to let him out.

The storm was over, and a faint grey light was beginning to creep into the sky. A file of soldiers, closely guarding one wretched prisoner, tramped wearily up the muddy lane, and Pamela's companion spoke compassionately.

"So they've caught that poor beggar at last," he said. "I am sorry for anyone who was out on the Downs last night."

Pamela looked bewildered.

"Whom have they caught?" she asked.

"Why, that poor miserable chap who was in for ten years for forgery. They've been looking for him for three days."

Then Pamela saw.

"Oh!" she cried, "I thought—I was sure—— If that is the convict, who are you?"

The young man laughed.

"Good Heavens! You don't mean to say you thought—— My clothes were pretty bad, but they weren't marked with the broad arrow. A forger, too! That accounts for your evident distaste for my explanations. You must have thought I had a genius for fiction."

Pamela grew scarlet.

"I beg your pardon," she said, trying to hide her face. "I ought to have known. I didn't think of the clothes. It was dreadful of me, but I was so sorry for anyone out on such a night, hunted all over the place, that I was in the very act of wishing I could help the convict when you came, and then, of course—I didn't think it could be anyone else."

Then he stopped her.

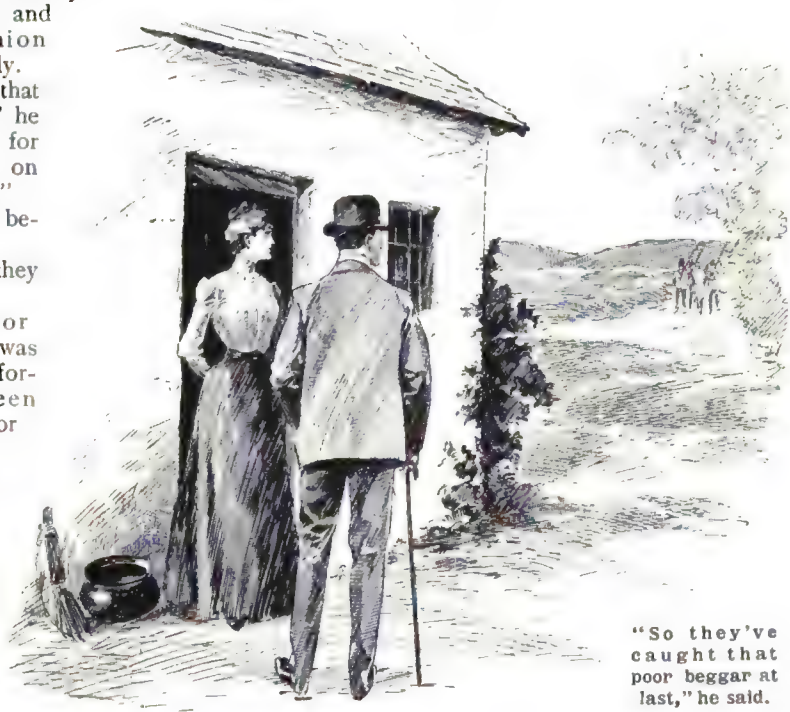
"Please don't," he said, "I think you are the pluckiest girl I have ever seen, and the—Ah! not one in a million would have done what you have done. I shall never forget it. But—" and he stopped a minute.

"Yes." Pamela waited.

"I can't possibly tell you how grateful I am now. May I come again to thank you for what you have done?"

She hesitated, but only for a second.

"Yes," she said. "Of course, you may, if you really think—"



"So they've caught that poor beggar at last," he said.

"I don't think. I'm sure," and he bent over her hand and kissed it.

* * * * *

When Pamela came to think it over, she could not be sure that she herself was not sure, but sure of what?

She hid her face in her hands.

"Well!" she said, "I can't help it, and anyhow I don't suppose he'll come. "If he does—" she laughed a little to herself, and went indoors to put the farmer's second best suit away in the drawer to which it rightfully belonged.

"If he does," she said again presently, "I expect I shall be very glad I made up my mind to help that convict."

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WHY BE SHORT?

By George Western.

A series of easy exercises which in time will increase your height.

We are a discontented race. We grumble if we are rich, and we grumble if we are poor. If we are in the country we are half dead with boredom, while in town we sigh for the green fields of the country. But the greatest grumblers of all are the short people. They never cease their railing against fate and the powers for having been so stingy with them in the matter of inches. These good folks are often heard also to lament their own powerlessness of helping themselves to another measure of height.

1.—Close the heels and raise the hands above the head. Bend the body back as far as possible, keeping the knees together and well braced up.

2.—Advance the right foot eighteen inches to the right front. Make a half turn to the right, at the same time swinging the hands to a vertical position above the head. Bring the hands to a corresponding position above the head on the left side, touching the toes with the hands whilst swinging them round, at the same time keeping the knees well braced up.

Now, this has been proved to be a fallacy. For it is quite possible to become taller by practising various natural exercises. Before you practise any of these exercises, stand at the window, or in the open air, and take several deep breaths. You must inhale the air into your lungs till they are quite full, then exhale slowly and evenly. Do not let the air stay in the body, and always breathe through the nose. The lung capacity will thus be increased, and the chest measurement considerably enlarged.

You may now proceed with the practice. Turn to the right and raise the arms above the head, and swing them round from right to left, if possible touching the toes in the swing. Do this some half-a-dozen times, but on no account tire yourself, for the whole practice should not be more than fifteen minutes at the most, to begin with at any rate. This is a good exercise for making the body supple.

One of the most effective exercises is as follows: Stand upright, bend forward, touching the toes with the fingers, and without bending the knees. Then stretch back as far as possible keeping the knees well braced up. You may not be able to do this at first, but a little practice will soon put you on the right path. The back muscles profit by this exercise.

Bend sideways from the hips as far as possible. Do this on each side some dozen times a day. This is a good stretching exercise. Others, such as raising the hands slowly above the head and bringing them down to the sides equally slowly, and steady bending of the knees, will do wonders.

Secondly, you should always have all windows open, if the open air is not to be had for practice; you need not be afraid of catching cold, for the increased circulation of the blood will prevent that. Thirdly, always think about what you are doing, otherwise you will merely tire yourself and do little good. Lastly, remember that the finer the physical condition of the body is the finer the tone of the mind.

Many people who have taken these exercises have written highly in their favour. For not only do they add to the height; they strengthen the body generally, and, above all, impart health to the weakly constitution.

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3.—Stand upright, the heels together and knees braced back. Raise the hands above the head and take several deep breaths, inhaling and exhaling the breath slowly and evenly.

4.—Stand as in Exercise 3, and slowly bend forward until the hands are touching the toes, the knees being well braced back during the motion.

5.—Stand upright, hold the arms out at the sides, and draw in a deep breath. Repeat the motion, stretching out the arms to their full extent.

6.—Stand as in Exercise 5, draw in a deep breath and slowly exhale it, at the same time bringing the hands round to the front, stretching them to their full extent. Keep the body rigid during the motion.

7.—Stand erect, place the hands on the hips and lean to the right side as far as possible without unduly straining the muscles. Keep the legs and knees straight, the heels together.

8.—Standing as in Exercise 7, swing the upper part of the body backwards to its full extent, the knees and legs straight as before.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT TOMPKINS.

By Owen Oliver.

Mr. De Jones: "I met Tompkins."

Mr. DE JONES (to Mrs. DE JONES.)

I met Tompkins in the city to-day, but he did not see me.

Mrs. DE JONES (to Mrs. MEDDLE).

John met Mr. Tompkins in the city yesterday, and he passed him without a word . . . . I am afraid he has something on his mind.

Mrs. MEDDLE (to Mr. MEDDLE).

I met Mrs. De Jones this afternoon, and what *do* you think she told me about that Tompkins of yours? . . . No, I don't suppose you do. . . . *I* call it unchristian to take no interest in one's neighbours, . . . What has he done? Ah, what hasn't he! When a man can't face his friends and has to slink by them in the streets . . . . Don't talk to me about your club. Birds of a feather!

Mrs. Meddle: "What *do* you think she told me about that Tompkins of yours?"

Mr. MEDDLE (to Mr. STORIER).

Seen Tompkins? No. I can't say that I'm particularly anxious to, either. . . . He *had* plenty of friends, but a good many pass him without speaking now . . . . Quite so. You never know . . . . When you come to think of it, it's appalling how little we do know of people that we know! One may be intimate for years with a man who's robbed a bank, or deserted his wife, or anything; and never suspect it . . . . You're right. One can't be too careful.

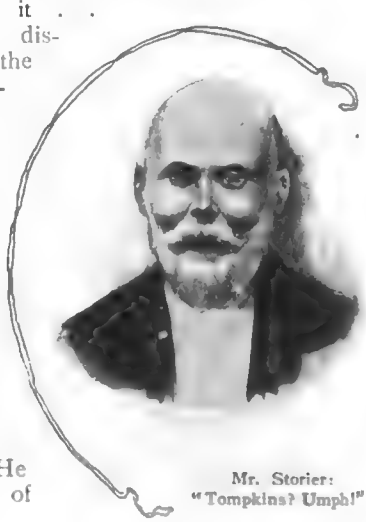
Mr. STORIER (to Mrs. STORIER).

Six, and ourselves, two, that's eight . . . Much the best number for dinner . . . . Who did you think of, my dear? . . The De Veres and the Newburys? Certainly . . . . Miss Auld? Very well . . . . Tompkins? Umph! I don't think she'd care about meeting *him*.

Mind you, I don't say it's true; but there are queer stories about him . . . . They say that he was dismissed from a bank for embezzlement, and he's deserted his wife; and his friends have cut him adrift and won't speak to him . . . . Exactly. One never hears the whole of these things, they hush them up . . . . Wanted to meet him? . . . . . Did she? Perhaps that's all the more reason why she shouldn't . . . . You won't repeat what I've said, of course, my dear . . . . Certainly not.

Mrs. STORIER (to Mrs. CHATTERLEIGH).

Isn't it *dreadful* about Mr. Tompkins? . . . . *Haven't* you! Why, everybody is talking about it . . He has been dismissed from the bank for embezzlement . . . . What bank? Oh—er—one of those in the city . . . . Yes; and he has deserted his wife and children. You didn't know he was married? . . . . No, nor did anybody else. He took good care of



Mr. Storier: "Tompkins? Umph!"

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that! A man of his kind wouldn't stop at bigamy. Anyhow he's been paying a lot of attention to Miss Auld. I was going to ask them to dinner together, but Charles wouldn't hear of it. That was how I came to find out.

His family won't have anything to do with him, of course; and everybody is dropping him . . . . Yes, I expect we shall hear more of it in the courts . . . . Somehow I could not take to him myself. He never said anything for anybody . . . . Must you go? Remember me to Mr. Chatterleigh.

Mrs. CHATTERLEIGH (to Mr. CHATTERLEIGH).

Tompkins? A nice man to quote, I *must* say . . . . Oh, nothing much! He's been dismissed from the city bank for robbery, and deserted his first wife and children—poor little things . . . . What do I mean by "his first wife"? Why, they *say* that there's an action for bigamy . . . . Well, I *know* he's been carrying on with Miss Auld. I hope she'll have him up for breach of promise, the wretch!

I never could stand the man myself. As Mrs. Storier says, he was always running people down; and I don't suppose his own people were anything . . . . . You heard he had a rich uncle? . . . . He'll get nothing from him now, anyhow. He's cut him adrift and so have all his people. No decent person will speak to him in the street. I wonder that you tolerate him in your club. It's the only one that does, I'll be bound.

Mrs. Chatterleigh: "Tompkins? A nice man to quote, I *must* say."

Mrs. Storier: "Isn't it *dreadful* about Mr. Tompkins?"

Mr. CHATTERLEIGH (to Mr. FUSBY).

Look here, old man, you're on the committee. What are you going to do about Tompkins? . . . . You *must* have heard. It's all over the place. He's been up to all sorts of things.

So far as I can make out the rights of it, he was in the City Bank, and they dismissed him for embezzlement. His uncle, who is a millionaire, paid up to avoid any scandal, so *that* won't come into court. But, in addition, he has deserted his wife and children—quite a large family—and married someone else. Now they are both bringing actions against him . . . . Quite a Don Juan. He had designs on that little Miss Auld for number three; but something alarmed him and he sheered off. She's started a breach of promise case.

Mr. Chatterleigh: "What are you going to do about Tompkins?"

His people side with his wife. . . . Ha, ha! . . . . No, I don't know which.

His uncle has cut him off with a shilling; and he's been turned out of his other clubs. . . . I don't know for certain; but he brought a man who belongs to the Cosy Convivials here one evening, so I expect that's one of them.

Also he's been running down people on a bicycle. Altogether he seems a nice sort of person. . . . I expect drink is at the bottom of it. . . . It upset me, too, when I heard about it. . . . Have a whiskey and soda.

Mr. FUSBY (to Mr. BROWN).

Has anyone seen the secretary? . . . . Ah, Brown! I've been looking for you all the evening. Can you spare me five minutes? . . . Scotch and seltzer for me.

It's about Tompkins. I never trusted the man; but I'm not one to be influenced by what people say against anyone, so long as he conducts himself properly. Still, when things come to a certain point, *someone* has to take action. . . . . I'll tell you.

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In the first place there's no doubt that he is addicted to drink. I hear that he was riding a bicycle in an advanced state of intoxication the other evening and knocked down a policeman. . . . Of course he should. . . . Or even five shillings! But he's one of those violent men who expect to carry everything with a strong hand. They'll summon him, of course. A nice thing if it comes out that he belongs to the club!

Mr. Fusby: "It's about Tompkins."

But that's not the worst of it. You know that he was in the City Bank. . . . Oh, yes! Quite sure. . . . He tried to make off with a lot of money, but they caught him. His uncle, who is a millionaire, paid up to avoid the exposure; but they dismissed him, naturally. . . . Shocking, shocking!

In addition he has deserted his wife and children. She is bringing an action against him immediately. . . . No, one never knows the rights of these domestic affairs . . . . Well, I pity *his* mother-in-law. He's the sort to throw things about, when he got in a temper. . . . They *say* it was another woman, and he's married her. . . . Meanwhile he's got engaged to Miss Auld and she's bringing an action for breach of promise.

Mr. Tompkins: "Have you finished, you low, backbiting cur?"

No, I don't see how you can help laying it before the committee. They've turned him out of the Cosy Convivial. We can't set a lower standard than *they* do. . . . Most regrettable. . . . No, no! You must have one with me.

HAMSHERVILLE CLUB.

Minutes of Special Committee Meeting.

Re WILLIAM AUGUSTUS TOMPKINS.

It was reported that this member:

(1). Had become addicted to alcoholic liquor.
(2). Had, while in a state of intoxication, knocked down a policeman with a bicycle.
(3). Had subsequently assaulted him.
(4). Had been dismissed from the City Bank for embezzlement.
(5). Had deserted his wife.
(6). Had deserted his children.
(7). Had thrown household furniture at his mother-in-law.
(8). Had committed bigamy.
(9). Was defendant in an action for breach of promise, brought by Miss Auld.
(10). Had been disinherited by his uncle for his misconduct.
(11). Had been requested to discontinue his membership of the Cosy Convivial Club.
(12). Was of a violent and uncontrollable temper.

RESOLVED that the Hon. Sec. should request Mr. Tompkins, in writing, to remove his name from the books of the club. Should Mr. Tompkins request any explanation the Secretary will give him, by word of mouth, such information as he may consider expedient.

Mr. TOMPKINS (to Mr. BROWN).

Have you finished, you low, backbiting cur? . . . . Quite enough, you miserable, scandalous——Control my temper? What do you mean? . . . . . You'd better not!

Tell the committee? Tell them to be hanged. A set of meddlesome, muddle-headed idiots. . . . You don't leave this room till you've listened to me. . . . I never was cooler in my life. . . . . *Sit down!*

Explanation, indeed! Yes, I'll explain. Give me that paper you were referring to. . . . *Give it to me, I say!* Now!

I have never tasted alcoholic liquor in my life.

I have never been on a bicycle.

I have never assaulted a policeman.

I was never employed in the City Bank—or any bank.

I never had a wife.

I never had a child.

I never had a mother-in-law.

I never had another wife.

I have never spoken to Miss Auld.

I never had an uncle.

I was never a member of the Cosy Convivial Club.

I have *not* a violent or uncontrollable temper.

GET OUT!!!

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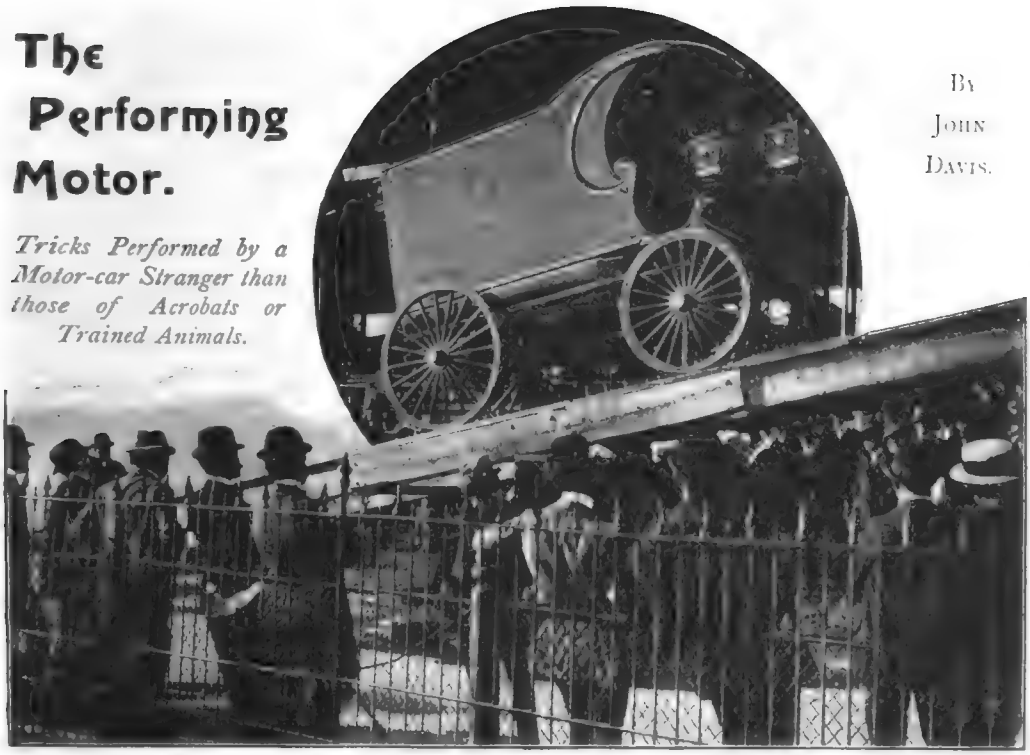
The Performing Motor.

Tricks Performed by a Motor-car Stranger than those of Acrobats or Trained Animals.

By John Davis.



Balancing the motor-car in the centre of a narrow see-saw, fifty feet long, swinging on a post six feet high, is very ticklish work, and requires the constant use of brakes and speed-levers.

We are used to performing animals and performing birds, and even to performing fish, but we should be surprised indeed to see on the bills of the Music Halls that So-and-so was going to exhibit his new and wonderful trained team of motor-cars "which will play musical instruments, walk the tight rope, and fire a gun." Such a wonder has not yet quite come to pass, but we must not despair of seeing it soon, for strange and weird things are being done with the ever popular horseless carriage.

One is used to consider that the motor-car is a thing lifeless and inanimate, a machine that goes forward when you turn on the power, and reverses and stops and is steered by the application of a lever. The idea that the car has any individuality is quite new and strange to us, but it is no fallacy, for motor-cars have very marked temperaments, as strong as are those of human beings, and quite as troublesome as those of many of our lady friends.

Just as a seafaring man will tell you that no two ships ever built will sail the same, be they exactly alike in all particulars, as regards horse-power, tonnage, and build, so it is with motor-cars. You will be sure to find some little differences. The one is better as a hill-climber, the next has great hauling capabilities, while a third is a racer, but poor in the before-named accomplishments.

The perfect chauffeur is not content with merely knowing the mechanism of his machine, or how to mend it in an emergency, or the art of driving it and steering it up hill and down dale, or through the thickest of traffic.

He must study his car as a trooper studies his horse; he must know all its little ways, its fads and fancies, what weather suits its constitution, when it may be trusted to do its best, and when it must be humoured and coaxed. Then, and not till then, he may claim to do almost anything he likes with the car, so far as the horse-power will permit him.

The possibilities of trick driving with an automobile are practically endless. Mr. "Jack" Worth, the noted American amateur chauffeur, who has made trick-driving his special hobby, is able to put his machine through as many elaborate performances as any circus horse can be trained to accomplish.

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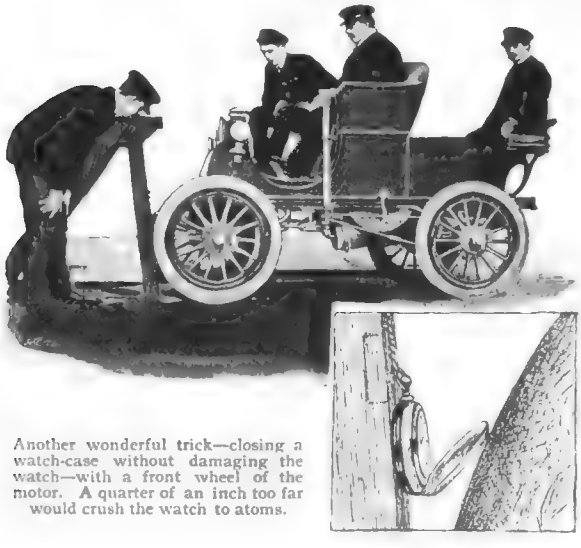
The performing motor-car drawing a four-ton roller. Much skill on the part of the driver is required to start this ponderous load.

A difficult trick, and one that is an excellent test of ability, is to drive an automobile on a see-saw. This see-saw is made of heavy pieces of timber, is about fifty feet long and eight feet wide, and has the centre about six feet from the ground. To mount from one side, to ascend, and to run at varying speeds from end to end on the swaying boards requires the highest degree of skill. The driver has always to keep the lever in constant motion to preserve the necessary balance.

Most astonishing of the exhibitions Mr. Worth gives is the snapping to of a watch-case with the wheel of his automobile without injuring the watch. A post is erected, and on this the watch is hung. The automobile is to run at a speed from eight to ten miles an hour toward the post; the power is suddenly reversed, one wheel strikes the watch with enough force to close the open case, so much and no more, and proceeds to back away.

The machine driven generally by Mr. Worth is a delivery waggon, which he uses in business. It is a double-cylinder gasoline motor of about six horse-power, and weighs about a ton. The motor is worked by a single lever, which is also used in steering. That the driver has absolute control of his vehicle at all times is shown by the trick of cracking an egg-shell without losing any of the contents.



Another wonderful trick—closing a watch-case without damaging the watch—with a front wheel of the motor. A quarter of an inch too far would crush the watch to atoms.

It is no easy matter to lower a motor-car weighing a ton on to as frail an object as an egg and not smash it to atoms. A square block, ten or twelve inches in diameter, is placed just behind the motor and fixed to the ground. The motor-car is then backed on to it till one of the back wheels mounts the block. When the wheel is on the point of slipping down from the block, the brakes are sharply applied.

Then the car is checked, backed until the india rubber tyre touches the egg-shell, lowered the slightest bit more, the shell cracks, the forward lever is applied, and the car runs off the block. The egg has been cracked but slightly, and not a single drop of the contents has oozed out. This is a

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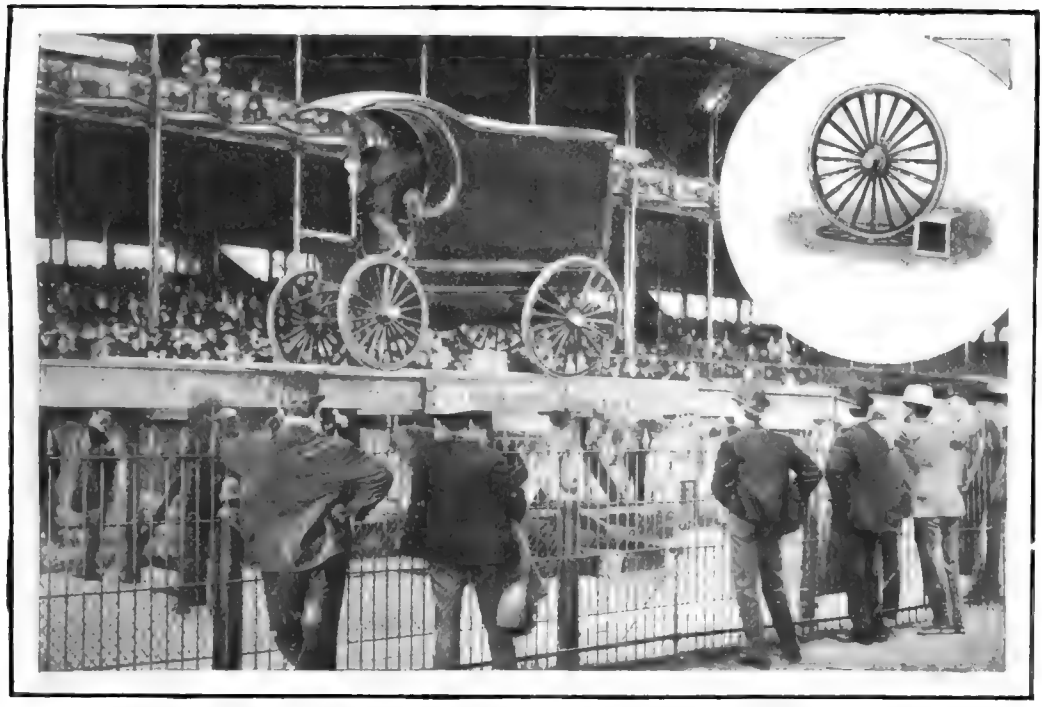

While balanced on the see-saw, the motor is made to crack an egg with a back wheel so gently as not to lose any of the contents. The small illustration shows the position of the wheel and the egg.

A difficult feat is the steering of the car over railway-sleepers without getting stuck or scattering the wood in every direction.

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marvellous example of the control under which a driver may have his machine.

Compare with this fine bit of work the feat of running over a pile of railway sleepers without getting stuck or scattering the wood in every direction. The feat is one that gives both the car and the machinery a hard shock, but it can be successfully performed by keeping up speed and holding the front wheels straight in the middle of the heap.

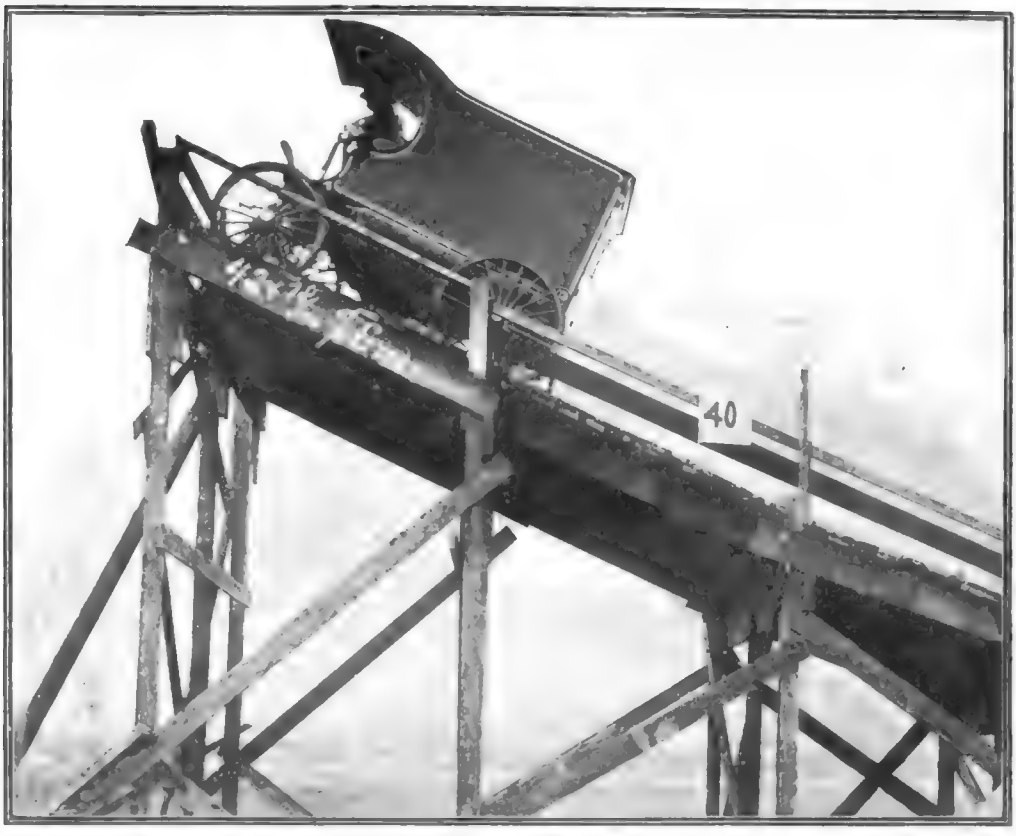
Not long ago a motor was driven up some steps leading to a church. The motor was sent at the steps rapidly, and managed to go up fourteen of them. Thus all four wheels were on the steps, and the automobile would have been sent farther but for lack of space. This, like the preceding trick, is done by having plenty of power and approaching the steps at a high speed. Particular care must be taken not to let the power die, thus allowing the carriage to slip back of its own weight. In doing step-climbing the brake must be brought into play with some dexterity, to hold the carriage from slipping when the final landing is reached.

A difficult hill-climbing feat was performed recently. A series of grades was built on a roof, the steepest and last starting from a tower. In making this perilous journey a steam motor was used ; the ascent was accomplished in record time.

If the driver of this carriage had miscalculated his distance or speed, he would have dashed into the massive wall of the tower, or been precipitated into the street, 150 feet below.

A motor can be made to jump. Should you be going up a steep hill and stop the car, the front wheels will leave the ground when the car is re-started.

But the funniest performance a motor-car can be made to perform is during a side-slip. If an artificial roadway were prepared, one side greased and one side dry, the car could be made to do some exhibition waltzing on it.



The most perilous trick performed by the motor—the ascent of a steep incline, built on a roof-top, and varying in grade from 4 to nearly 8 in 10

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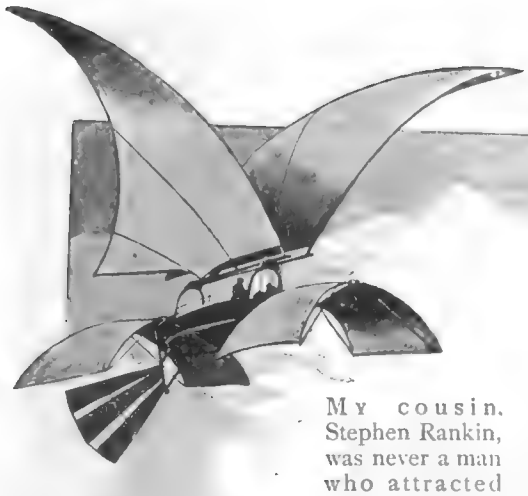

MY COUSIN'S AIR-SHIP

A Tale of 1950.

By W. F. Alexander.

My cousin, Stephen Rankin, was never a man who attracted me. He was a grim, morose fellow; no doubt he had had bad luck in coming into the world with one leg shorter than the other; but he certainly had more ugly temper in him than this fact warranted.

He dabbled in science, and had a trick of keeping glumly silent, till he saw an opening for scoring off you. He was my first cousin and heir-at-law to my property, which, apart from my business, was considerable. That he envied my luck, however, had never crossed my mind.

We got on after a fashion till chance made us both admirers of one woman, and that—I may now say without vanity—was an ill day for Stephen.

Margaret Hobbhouse favoured me, and it was then that I first caught a glimpse of a dull malignity lowering at me from under his heavy brows. Well, I could stand it, I supposed.

All trace of hostility had gone out of his manner, when one morning in March I saw him from the lane at the bottom of his garden. He was tinkering at his aero-car, a new investment of his, and, I remember thinking, rather a queer one. Aeros were pretty common at that time—about as common, in fact, as motors at the beginning of the century—but for a man in Stephen's position an aero was rather an expensive toy. He looked up from the mechanism as I halted.

"Just going for a fly," he said with passable civility.

"Lucky beggar! I'm going to the City," I answered. "Works all right?"

"Goes like butter. Come in and look at her. That gate's open."

My recent good fortune made me feel at peace with all men, and the chap seemed so happy with his aero that I could not help humouring him. I stood and watched while he detached the electro-motor from the wing-like propellers ahead and astern, and got the complicated pistons and levers whirling round with a delightful burr-r.

"You'll get forty miles an hour out of her when she's coupled up, won't you?" I asked politely.

"Forty-five you mean." He bent over the machine again and spoke looking down into the works. "I'm taking a couple of days off. Five hundred miles each way. Going over the Alps by moonlight—not a bad idea, eh?"

I said it was simply ripping, and thought it was just like Stephen to go flying by himself.

"Awfully glad if you'd come with me," he remarked blandly.

I had an engagement, but the blue spring sky and the fleecy clouds sailing before a light west wind looked very fascinating. And, come to think of it, I had been a bit unfriendly to Stephen

"Done with you," I said, "but I must just telephone and fetch some wraps. Bit cold above the Alps, you know."

Stephen glanced at the weather. "Don't want to be delayed," he said glowering. "I'll fit you up with wraps and send your message. Come in and write it."

Indoors he produced a stack of great coats and rugs. "Half of them kept me hot as toast over the North Sea at Christmas," he explained. "Now for your message."

I took the paper. "Gone for a fly," I suggested. "How does that sound?"

"Rot. Say, 'Called away—family affairs,'" he suggested.

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In my pliable mood I wrote it down. Stephen took it and spoke to a servant outside. What he said I did not hear.

The aero rose with a whirr-r, like the flight of a pheasant; and I caught my breath while Stephen steered with consummate skill over the thick screen of trees surrounding the garden. We rose at a sharp angle, skimming upwards with a dizzy spiral rush.

"Always get up pretty sharp," my cousin explained. "Don't like people about here to see one start—doesn't look business-like in the morning," and he gave a singular chuckle.

We were flying high and almost level. Far below the earth was like a gigantic map flaked in brown and green, the towns making murky blotches on it, with sharp spears of light when glass houses or water gleamed in the sun. Buildings were dwarfed to the size of dolls' houses, the trees seemed a blur of foliage on the flat. And vast as the panorama was, it all seemed to be flying, with its endless pattern of fields and towns, as though spinning on some gigantic wheel. The sun shone brightly, the air was full of spring, and the thrill of that swift, resistless motion, the romance of infinite space, filled me with irrepressible delight.

Forty minutes' flight had taken us half way over Kent, and I saw the tower of Canterbury loom up against the green land beyond, before either of us spoke.

"When is it to be, eh?" my cousin asked suddenly, with rather a churlish intonation.

He meant my marriage, of course. "Early summer, we hope," I told him.

"It is a good time. You're a lucky beggar —unless——"

Either he muttered or the wind took his remark away. It did not seem likely to be anything of interest.

"Ah! there's the channel," he exclaimed a minute later. Over the chalky slope of the down a belt of shimmering blue had risen, growing broader as if by magic. The white cliffs of Dover flitted beneath us—now the expanse of sea wreathed with the track of currents, dotted with midge-like ships, and the sound of the churning waves came faintly to our ears. Then a sudden sense of horror came over me.

Perhaps it was only that horror of empty space that sometimes attacks inexperienced aeronauts. But though I had the sensation of dizziness, going down to the pit of my stomach, that flying causes, there seemed to be some other mysterious element in my feeling that came directly, by a kind of vague intuition, from my cousin's neighbourhood. I fixed my eyes on the smoke of a steamer beneath—it looked desperately far away—and tried hard to steady myself. Stephen noticed my clinging to the rail, I suppose.

"Feel a bit giddy, eh?" he said in his superior voice, and passed me his flask. I declined it. He drank himself, and I felt distinctly like a fool.

We were spinning over north France now, and the green and brown landscapes slipped noiselessly beneath us. After all it was being a pretty bad kind of fool to lose the pleasure of the day in hysterical alarms. Worst come to worst—and there was no reason to imagine it would—I was a considerably bigger man than Stephen. And he would run no risks with his beloved aero, even while I was in it. Of that I could be certain.

It was nearing two o'clock when we came down near a hotel on the pleasant hills overlooking the Moselle. We sat on the verandah, with the fresh smell of the pine woods filling the air; and I confess it was a relief to feel the earth firm beneath one. The place was evidently a tourists' resort, but the season had hardly begun, and we had the verandah to ourselves while we lunched.

"But look here, you know, I ought to get back." I found myself saying the words, without thinking, as though instinctively. My cousin's face darkened.

"I thought you agreed to come with me, my dear chap," he said sharply. "It's rather rotten to talk of going back now, and as for that, you can't get back sooner than I shall. Of course, you might hire an aero somewhere about here, but I know I should jolly well insure my life before I went up in a hired aero made in Germany. And it's a bit stiff expecting me to take you back, isn't it?"

It certainly was stiff, and I should look like an ass crawling back to England by land and water. So there I was. I acquiesced. The waiter then brought us the visitors' book to sign. He handed the pen to me, but Stephen rather abruptly took it. Looking at the page a moment after I saw that instead of our names he had written: William Shakespeare —John Milton. The humour of it seemed to me puerile.

"Someone I know in business might come along here," my cousin explained rather lamely.

We started our flight again. The chain of the Vosges mountains, the Rhine, the pine clad masses of the Black Forest sped away beneath us. Towards sundown we sighted

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the Alps. The great mountains seemed to climb the horizon to meet us, till they lay spread out in all their glory of silvered peak and shining glacier, and my heart leaped like a boy's.

Then a rosy flush spread over the pure fields of snow lying in that bird's eye view. We skimmed close past the icy pinnacles of the Eiger and approached the Jungfrau. The evening glow changed, as the sun sank, from rose to orange, then to light yellow; we skimmed upwards, then, and flitted above the great sea of pale glaciers that descend towards the Rhone.

"Curious thing. No one on earth knows where we two are now," my cousin said suddenly. "The good people of Grindelwald scarcely noticed us, I expect."

"Couldn't even see us, perhaps," I answered. One was glad to talk of something commonplace to break the tension of that weird beauty. "By the way," I went on, "isn't it a bit risky getting so near the peaks? They say hurricanes get up here very suddenly."

"Not a bit as long as you look out," Stephen growled. He produced a note-book. "I want to put down some observations—got an idea about these machines," he said. "Have you a pen about you?"

I produced my stylographic pen. My cousin wrote a few words with it, then turning for some reason to observe the fans behind, let it slip from his fingers. The unlucky pen went down with an arrow's flight to the glacier beneath. "Curse it," said Stephen, "haven't you got a pencil or anything?" I searched my pockets but found nothing. "Then you won't be able to make your will," said my cousin, with grim jocularity.

The moon rose, and the deadly cold of an Alpine night came with it. But we did our best with multitudinous rugs—the motor generated a certain amount of heat—and, what was better, Stephen produced his flask, which was full, I now found, of admirable peach brandy. The beauty of the mountains in their spectral brightness was full of an awful yet tender mystery; in that keen air

I fixed my eyes on the smoke of a steamer beneath—it looked desperately far away.

the clear heaven above with its crowded stars seemed unimaginably close. We were now abreast of the summit of Monte Rosa.

"Ever been up the Matterhorn?" Stephen asked in a queer, strained voice.

I told him no. "We can get there now," he said, with a short laugh. He studied the compass, then let the aero drop a little.

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After a few minutes' swift flying we found the mountain's shoulder, rose in a spiral course beside the giant precipice wall now coated with ice, a flight for only an eagle's wing a few years before. Soon we were poised at the summit. In a way we had ascended the Matterhorn—the thought of climbing those icy walls made the brain giddy.

He let her down gently. "We'll say we've been there, on the top of the Matterhorn," he shouted with a strange excitement. A faint grating marked our actual contact.

"I'll say I stood on it," I cried, and stepped from the car on to the ice-coated rock. I did not notice if Stephen followed me or not. After a step or two on the narrow plateau I stood absorbed in the marvel of the precipice below and the starry sky above. Then the cold struck me, and mechanically I began stamping on the ice.

A sudden click-click. I looked round and saw the aero clear of the rock, slowly rising. For a moment a wild fear seized me. Then I saw Stephen on board, with his hand on the steering-gear.

"Hullo, are you going to leave me behind?" I shouted jocosely.

He gave no answer. To my astonishment I saw the space of sky between the aero and the mountain slowly widening.

"Come back. I'm getting cold," I yelled to him. An icy echo returned my voice with a weird, uncomfortable sound, and I inwardly cursed Stephen for having managed to frighten me.

"I say, how long is this fooling going on? I'm half frozen and I daren't move for fear of slipping over the edge of this confounded place," I shouted. Then I heard a chuckle. His hand went to the mechanism, and I fancied the joke was over. But he merely set the screws revolving to keep himself in position—much as a bird flaps its wings—then halted again.

"For Heaven's sake, don't be an idiot," I burst out. "When in thunder are you going to take me off?"

"Do you imagine I am going to take you off?" he said slowly.

There was a chill in his tone that seemed to stab me through. And in spite of my efforts to be calm a frenzy of fear grew upon me.

"For pity's sake, Stephen, you're not dreaming of leaving me here!"—the words came tumbling out before I knew it. "You're joking, man alive, you must be; for Heaven's sake, say you're joking."

Stephen's eyes seemed to reflect the frost of the glaciers round us.

"Did you fancy I brought you to-day for the pleasure of your company?" he said cruelly. "I brought you precisely for this."

I could not doubt him now. And the sense of being utterly in his power drove me, when I should have been cool, to madness.

"Do you know what you are saying?" I broke out; "it's murder, man, the most fiendish murder. No man could live in this cold. You can't, you can't. I never harmed you in my life."

"Didn't you?" he shrieked with sudden passion. "You've always been between me and the light—you had the money, the friends, the good looks, and more—curse you. You have left me out in the cold. Well, you'll be left out in the cold now," he jeered savagely.

"Happy thought of mine borrowing your pen, wasn't it?" he sneered on. "Haven't you got such a thing as a pencil, eh? Unlucky that, you might have left a little anecdote to be found on your body, mightn't you?"

I saw his scheme in full. He had covered up all our traces, "not a soul knew where we were," he had planned every step, down to the bogus entry in the hotel book, to make his crime absolutely safe.

I was broken now. "For God's sake, take me off," I pleaded. "You talk of my property. Well, you can have it."

"Ah, you'd stick to that, wouldn't you, if you were back in England. And there's Margaret, you know."

"You must be mad," I said hotly. And I have often thought since it was the truth.

"I don't know about that, my boy," he jibed. "After your mysterious disappearance, eh? things may happen you know. Well, I'm off, now. Ta, ta, think of me at Milan." And with that he set his machine going.

I had cursed him before, when his treachery first took me unawares. Now that the certainty of a hideous death for me and safety for him was all my prospect, there was nothing for it but silence. He rose and came round above my head. "You've been fairly civil to-day," he said leaning out. "I'll give you this," and let fall some metal object that flashed in the moonlight, then fell heavily among the rocks. It seemed like a flask.

The click-click of the aero receding from me at an enormous speed died away, and with the icy silence came despair. But the warm life within me turned from the thought of death there and then in wild rebellion; my mind groped frenziedly for some shred of chance. Climbing, I knew, was hopeless—

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the best mountaineer alive with ice-axe and irons could not climb the Matterhorn alone.

But, supposing I could keep alive till morning, my figure thrown up on the sky line might be seen. I might signal with something—my coat would do—I might be seen from Zermatt. For a moment I clutched that hope, knowing all the time it was a fable and a cheat. No one would turn a telescope on the Matterhorn to-morrow; and if they did, what cause for speculation in the trifling dot made by a dying man on its summit?

The click-click of the aero receding from me at an enormous speed died away, and with the icy silence came despair.

Could I, in any case, keep alive till morning? The cold seemed to devour me. Perhaps not one man in a million has known anything like it. The numbness of my extremities counted for nothing. The cold was in me, gripping my heart, binding the currents of my blood. I think my brain was numb too, as, gazing down the sweep of the ice-coated precipice below, I dimly realised there was no hope. My thoughts wandered far from that place of death, back to childish things, to things at home.

Suddenly I remembered the flask Stephen had dropped. I groped among the rocks till I found it, fumbled till I got it open, and drank. It was some strong liquor, I had no idea what. Why had he left it? I vaguely wondered. Was it only the idea of a lunatic, or did he, with his accursed cunning, design it to prolong my sufferings? But I was now merely the creature of instinct. I only knew that it warmed me.

The momentary glow and the quickly recurring rigour of the cold roused me from my inertia. It was a kind of madness that came now, I suppose—the cold was like a torturing fire—and suddenly I resolved to set about climbing. One desperate effort to show myself a man, if to no spectators but the cold stars, and so, at worst, end it.

I had just drawn to the edge of the precipice, when a sudden gust of wind loaded with stinging fragments of ice swept on me and hurled me down. I clung to a rock till the wind fell, then, finding my breath again, I drained the last drop from Stephen's flask and tossed it into the fathomless abyss below, expecting soon to follow it.

Crazed as I was, I had at least the sense not to look down; from the moment I started, in fact, the single step I was taking absorbed my entire energy. With a goat's foothold on the slippery rock I clung to jutting fragments, hardly venturing to drop one foot before me to feel for the next, often hanging in despair on the precipice face till the intolerable strain on my muscles warned me that I must move or fall. Then on again for one impossible step more; the jagged rock tore my hands, and my blood stained the giant icicles as I clutched them. At one place where the rock overhung I stuck, on finding

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no foothold beneath, and lay clinging like a fly it seemed to me, and almost hoped for the final slip. Then rallying, I got up with a spasmodic effort, and groped sidelong in the uncertain moonlight—in a moment I found myself spread-eagled again. I cried for pain of mind, and still worked with a blind instinct. My brain seemed already dead.

At last the inevitable happened. A sharply overhanging cornice, then a desperate stretch, the ice slipping fast under my useless hands—then the whole mountain whirling over my head as I went down.

I felt myself dropping like a bullet—it seemed for a time without end—then a heavy, jarring crash repeated again and again as I skimmed, as a pebble might skim, down the mountain side. Very likely I struck the ground almost at once, but I was conscious of nothing, after the first jar or two, but of being whirled into infinite space downward, and I thought it easy to die so. Then came a hideous crash, and darkness swallowed me.

Slowly and in great anguish I came to myself. The sun was shining full on me, but what with my intense exhaustion and the aching of my limbs, I could hardly grasp the fact of daylight. A little restored by the warmth I looked dazedly around, and saw that I was lying on the shoulder of a buttress-like pinnacle of the mountain that had, I supposed, broken my fall. In fact I had fallen a comparatively short distance. The giant precipices lay still beneath me, and the daylight served only to show my utter hopelessness.

I lay still, my eyes looking up into the morning sky, vaguely wondering what would be the hour of my death. Suddenly an object came within my field of vision that held me gazing. It grew from a point, larger, always larger—I trembled with the doubt—now I knew it—it was an aero flying north—heading straight for the Matterhorn. It was coming straight towards me. A spasm shook me at the thought that possibly Stephen had felt the abjectness of his deed, was coming back to undo it, to search for me.

The machine flew near the summit and gyrated several times wheeling irregularly to and fro. Evidently the man in it was scanning the slopes, searching for something—I raised myself with infinite difficulty and attempted to wave to him. Then a hideous thought paralysed me. What if, far from repenting, Stephen had come back to amuse himself with the spectacle of my agony.

The aero flitted past me again, and I lay motionless. There was a moaning sound—then I saw the driver clutch his steering-gear hastily—a second later a furious gust was carrying it sidelong like a feather, towards the mountain. A short struggle of forces, while the aero span round and round trying to head up into the wind, then the hurricane had dashed it full upon the rocks. A loud explosion echoed like a cannon shot from peak to peak, and through the blinding sleet I saw a black column of smoke streaming upwards from the wreck.

The aero, blazing fiercely, fell not far from me. It was the thought of fire that got me to my feet. I dragged myself with unspeakable pain and difficulty, though the ground in itself was comparatively easy, down to the spot. The oil from the motor was burning furiously and so were the celluloid portions of the frame, and crouching beside the blaze I began to feel my life in some little degree returning. After a long spell of pure physical sensation, I noticed my cousin lying on the rocks close by. His neck, I found, was broken.

That in itself was satisfactory, but groping among the ice I found something more to the immediate purpose, some broken remnants of the food he was carrying with him. Food and warmth were miraculous things to me then, and I lay there without a thought of any future, and even without ever putting it to myself that the descent remained as impossible as ever. A little later, still early in the morning, I must no doubt have sunk into unconsciousness.

How long my stupor lasted I do not know. But through the heavy folds of that death-like exhaustion there broke the sound of human voices, hands shook me, something fiery was thrust to my lips.

I came back to the living world. There were strong men around me, roped together, trying to make me believe they would save me. They were a party of guides and it was the explosion and smoke of Stephen's aero that had brought them on what, against all probability as they thought themselves, turned out to be a rescue expedition. Stephen had done me a service after all, and had intended it, no doubt, as much as any other.

By unceasing and heroic efforts those men brought me to the first climbers' hut that night, and to Zermatt on a stretcher the next day. For many weeks I lay in bed a mere slave of my medical attendant, and when at last I reached England it was in a sadly battered condition. But after all, it was I who somehow hobbled to church in June and went through a certain ceremony with Margaret.

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A loud explosion echoed like a cannon shot from peak to peak.

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Cricket on Skates

In cricket on the ice stylish play is not necessary, and the positions assumed by the players are often more weird than beautiful.

How some Cricket Enthusiasts are not Daunted by Winter Weather, but Play a Game they call Cricket on the Ice.

Written and Illustrated with Photographs by

WARD MUIR.

THE Britisher all the world over is a sportsman, and first and foremost of his manias comes cricket. Whithersoever he wanders, the bat and pads go too; be his home situated in ever so outlandish a spot of earth he organises a team for play and—somehow—finds a stretch of ground for a wicket. In the blazing heat of the tropics we discover him (a laughing-stock of lazy natives) bowling beneath a melting sun or perspiringly, but with unabated enthusiasm, wielding the willow. Ice and snow are no greater deterrents than enervating warmth. Were the Arctic regions habitable, and profitable, we should doubtless soon have news of a pitch laid out somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Pole itself.

A cricket match being played on the Davos skating rink. Ladies and gentlemen both take part.

A champion ice-batsman waiting for the ball; in cricket on the ice it pays to "slog."

At present the nearest approach to Polar cricket is that curious form of the game which is played in mid-winter at Davos Platz.

Cricket in mid-winter? At the Antipodes the thing may be workable, but in Europe surely not! Yes, it is, though! In the Eastern Alps of Switzerland, almost on the border of the Tyrol, cricket matches are held every Christmas-tide.

Davos Platz—the scene of these contests—is 5000 feet above the level of the sea, so at first blush it is not the most suitable place conceivable. For five months of every year, in fact, snow lies deep on every yard of ground and the shade temperature rarely rises much

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above freezing. Then how can a suitable pitch be obtained? Ah, that is a point in which the peculiarity of Davos cricket reveals itself. Of level land, there is little or none; and even if such were discoverable it would probably be six feet beneath fleecy drifts on the day of the fixture.

One thing, and one only, is perfectly level. That one thing is—ice.

But ice, although as exquisitely horizontal as a billiard table, is nevertheless not all that could be wished in the way of a surface for running upon; so one huge difference has to be made between the equipment of the players at Davos and those at Lord's or the Oval. The Davos men are mounted on skates.

And what a difference this small detail makes to the whole conduct of the game! A man may be the smartest bowler possible; but put a pair of skates on his feet and see what becomes of his powers. A swift overhand is almost impossible. If tried by some ill-advised novice, it generally results in his reaching the other end of the pitch before the ball itself. However skilled a skater, he perforce wobbles in the effort of delivering the ball, and the latter not infrequently trickles in a feeble manner somewhere to one side of the pitch while he suddenly and violently collapses and slides (revolving with startling velocity as he goes) in the direction of the astonished batsman, who does not know whether to flee or attempt to score off such an unusual delivery.

Some batsmen use only one arm to wield the bat, finding the other useful as a balancing pole.

Some people play cricket on ice without skates. They have even a less happy time than the skaters, and slide about in all directions.

As a matter of fact any bowling, however slow, is deadly if straight. The tyro batsman is just as awkwardly placed as the tyro bowler. To stand motionless on skates is never a very easy feat, but to not merely do this but also brace up for the shock of a swipe at the ball is a miracle of balancing power. The unsuspicious batsman, in endeavouring to play a slow ball, is apt to knock the surface of the ice, with an ex-

This extraordinary position is the most popular one among batsmen. Its advantage is that, although the batsman is extremely likely to be bowled, he does not fall over and bruise himself on the ice.

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A batsman who has any pretensions to style is not very comfortable in ice-cricket.

tremely jarring result. Whether the batsman is "l.b.w." or not when he accidentally sits down on the ball, is still a point of dispute in Davos circles. In some of the matches to which lady players are admitted, the ball is a hollow rubber one. Exceedingly slow bowling and an accident such as is described above, on one occasion resulted in the fair batswoman subsiding in front of the wicket, on top of the ball, with such force that she squashed the latter absolutely flat. It is pleasant to be able to record that the lady was given "not out." But a new ball had to be obtained to finish the game.

The Davos cricket matches are in good winters held on a natural lake, whose size gives plenty of scope for the exercise of slogging powers. Boundaries are not admitted on the lake. The biggest hit known here resulted in the compilation of no fewer than twenty runs. This glorious record was created by Captain Wynyard, of the Hants C.C., who is the chief organiser of these Alpine matches.

Ice cricket is not a picturesque game. The surroundings may be lovely—towering peaks, pine-woods, snow-clad hillsides, and glittering hoar-frost—but the players destroy the effect. They are not impressive. The crowd which gathers to witness every match quite realises the fact. They come to see absurdities; and they are not disappointed.

The foreign element in the crowd thinks the show an especially amusing exhibition of the madness of the Briton. In which judgment the foreign element is not so very far from being correct. Whether it be correct or no, the sight of Davos cricket is one not likely to be forgotten. To anyone familiar with the extreme science of the game as ordinarily played, its Alpine version is peculiarly edifying. The poses of the players are alone enough to distinguish this type of cricket from all others.

The paraphernalia of the game is as novel as the methods of the players. Holes cannot coveniently be bored in the ice for stumps, and would be unsuitable if they could, so these latter are fixed rigid on a base which stands on the surface of the pitch and is shifted by the slightest touch of the ball.

Legs wide apart and toes turned inward is an approved position for keeping upright while batting, as well as for wicket-keeping. Every imaginable attitude occurs in bowling, and few are repeated twice. Decidedly the least ugly post of duty is that of fielder—until a catch comes.

Yes, a Davos cricket match is unique. It may not be over-burdened with science, but it is great fun. And that, after all, is the principal idea of every game. As long as the Britisher gets his fun, he is satisfied; a fact which possibly indicates that he is not so mad after all, or at least that there is method in his madness.

The bowlers' and batsmen's creases are marked by a deep scratch in the ice. Sometimes broomsticks are used as bats, and sometimes ordinary unspliced bats.

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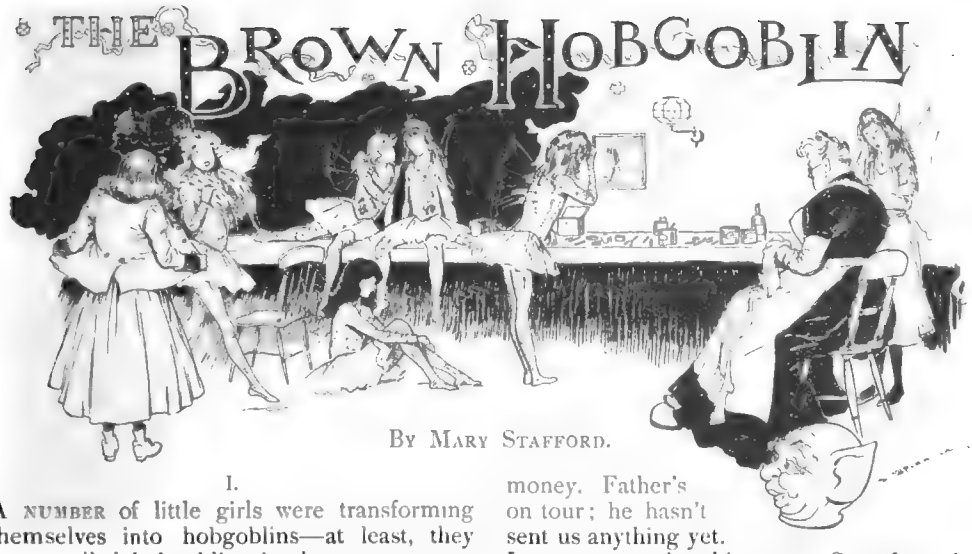
THE BROWN HOBGOBLIN



By Mary Stafford.

I.

A number of little girls were transforming themselves into hobgoblins—at least, they were called hobgoblins in the programme; though they looked more like fairies with their pretty hair and gauzy wings. They were in a big room up at the top of the "Queen's" Theatre. Mrs. Barnet, an ample wardrobe woman, was sitting darning a pair of tights, and calling out admonitions to the company.

"Are you children ready to be made up? Now, you pay attention, for I'm not goin' to do it for you every night."

One brown hobgoblin stopped behind, a lanky, dejected little girl.

"Come along," said Mrs. Barnet, "that little girl in the corner, I mean, I don't know her name. Where's yer things?"

"My name is Diana, and I haven't got any things."

"Then you're very careless, and mind you get some before to-morrow night or I shall be very angry. Now, then, put yer face up; Alice will lend me hers for this once, I know."

"I shan't bring them to-morrow."

"Oh, that's silly. Goodness me, if you're goin' to be an actress you must learn to keep your temper, for there's enough to try a saint. Yer mother's in the profession, isn't she? She ought to have given you the things. What is the good of coming to the theatre without your make-up things?"

The hobgoblin blushed and said in a low voice:

"We haven't got any money. Father's on tour; he hasn't sent us anything yet. I was to get the things on Saturday when we got my salary."

"Well," said another child who went by the name of Queenie. "Fancy not havin' any make-up things. I shouldn't go on the stage if I was like that, and if I had to wear that old sailor hat and an ulster with a patch in it, I should go and sell flowers in the street."

"Never mind," said Alice, "you shall have half my paints, and I'll give you all that bright carmine, because I don't like it."

"I know who your father is," pursued Queenie. "He's Lionel Dane, and he was in Lacy's, and he begged all round the company, half sovereigns he used to get, and he used to drink it all, mumma said, and she knows it's true."

"Queenie!" began Mrs. Barnet sharply.

But the hobgoblin knew how to take care of herself. She sprang from Mrs. Barnet's clutches, marched up to Queenie, and hit her in the face.

"If you tell lies about my father, I'll bite you!"

"If you tell lies about my father, I'll bite you!" she said, taking her by the throat and shaking her.

Emma, the dresser, rushed up and dragged at Queenie and Mrs. Barnet pulled off Diana.

II.

The different friends shared their teas together after *matinées* and walked

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back with one another. They did not like to walk with Diana, for, as Queenie said:

"Mumma says: 'Be sure you're careful who you make friends with, because a common friend'll keep you back so.'"

Diana's father was half Italian. He had sung in opera once, as Signor Dana. Now he was Lionel Dane, a tipsy hanger-on of third-rate touring companies. The mother was all actress. For some months now she had been "at liberty." She had grown too apathetic to look for work. Then Tommy, the small boy, fell ill, and when he was ordered country air and nourishing food, there was no money to get them for him.

When Diana had been engaged for Mr. Carstairs' season, she felt sure that now she was going to support the family in affluence; but her spirits sank when she found all the other little girls had fine accomplishments which her mother could not afford for her. After the first night's outburst she retired into her shell and never said a word.

One evening she lingered behind the others.

"I wanted to speak to you, please," she said to Mrs. Barnet. "I want to ask you something."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Mrs. Barnet, don't you think—do you think—oh, is there any chance that Mr. Carstairs'll take me on tour?"

"Well, there, I don't know what to say; I don't want to disappoint you," said Mrs. Barnet kindly, "it's no use my saying I think a thing when I don't, and I don't think there's much chance that he will. You see, your dancing isn't so good as the other children's, and I don't think you're smart enough. It's no good my encouragin' you into false hopes, is it?"

"No, it isn't, thank you," said Diana. "I'd rather know."

"I shouldn't worry if I were you," said Mrs. Barnet. "Try for one of the pantos, they're always wantin' children for them."

But Diana didn't feel at all comforted.

One day, to relieve the monotony of chatter, Mrs. Barnet suggested a variety entertainment. The children enjoyed themselves immensely. They stood up one after another assuming little professional airs and graces.

Once started, the difficulty was to make them stop, but Mrs. Barnet skilfully seized the opportunity after Gladys's song.

"Come along," she said, turning to Diana, "*you* must say something now."

"I don't think I know anything."

"Come along, now, up you get—one, two, three, and off!"

Three years ago Diana had seen "Macbeth" acted. The horrors had charmed her and since then she had amused herself, when her mother was out at the theatre, with reciting the most terrific speeches. She learned them out of her mother's dog-eared acting edition.

So now she began the murder scene, to the astonishment of the company. They had been listening to very milk and water humour and pathos hitherto. Mrs. Barnet had never seen her eyes wide open since the first night; now they flashed out in an appalling manner. Lady Macbeth stalked furiously forward, and Alice squealed and hid herself behind Emma. The other children edged away from her. Mrs. Barnet herself felt glad that she was near the water-jug, so that she might throw it over Diana if she became violent.

But this artistic triumph only lasted a few seconds. Queenie broke the tension by a giggle. Poor Lady Macbeth came down to earth again from the realisms of art. She stumbled and stammered, and the scene died away tamely enough.

"Yes, that's very nice," said Mrs. Barnet kindly, for she wanted to encourage Diana. "That's Shakespeare, I know, and I've heard Mr. Carstairs go on about it; but for my part, whatever they may have thought in those old days, I don't think we can have too much of that now."

Diana had an alarming adventure that night. In one scene the hobgoblins had to dance, and for some unaccountable reason Diana made mistakes in it, and she always came off later than the others.

The first few nights Mr. Hand (the manager) was so engaged with other matters that he had not observed her, but this evening as Diana was "clearing" as fast as she could, she heard his voice behind her.

"Here, whatever your name is, come back. What on earth is it you do in the dance; you always get off late and spoil the show. It's perfectly simple. All you've got to do is to turn three times by yourself, then three times with the kid next to you, then gallop across the stage and back three times, then off left. Turn three alone, three double, gallop three, and exit left; that's all. Now, don't get wrong again."

But in spite of these clear and elaborate explanations she found the next evening that she was in a horrible muddle, and Alice's comment was not consoling.

"Mr. Hand *is* angry, I *did* hear him swear so; he said, 'I shall give that something kid the sack'; he did really, and I know he

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meant you, because *we* were all quite right. I should hide."

So Diana stood behind a super, but peeping out she observed Mr. Hand talking with a friend. She determined to make a dash past him, but as she ran his eyes fell on her, and a wrathful arm pulled her back.

"Now then," he said roughly, "I've had about enough of this. I told you yesterday I was going to have that dance decently done, you've scamped it again to-night. If you do that at the *matinée* to-morrow, you don't come back Monday, do you hear? Ruining the show night after night. Confound you!"

This dire downfall of all her hopes made Diana feel quite sick for a moment. She wanted to burst into a howl, but she hated Mr. Hand too much to give way before him. Instead, she turned round on him in a perfect fury.

"Oh, I do hate you!" she cried. "I should like to kill you, I should!"

"Now then, be off! It's not a bit of good making a scene. You're dismissed after Saturday, and if you try on that sort of cheek you won't get your salary."

Diana's one desire now was to find a lonely nook to cry in. She crept stealthily down and found a retreat among some pillars and evergreens. As she lay sobbing she heard footsteps coming towards her, and then Mrs. Barnet's voice calling her. She was wondering how she could escape, when Mrs. Barnet pushed the evergreens aside and pounced down upon her.

"There you are!" she said. "Good gracious! what are you doing here? I've been lookin' for you everywhere. Come along upstairs. Take your make-up off; you may as well be goin' home, it's no good your goin' on now. I don't know whatever Mr. Hand'll say."

But Diana kept on sobbing.

"Now then," he said roughly, "I've had about enough of this."

"What is it that's the matter?" said Mrs. Barnet.

Then it all came out in a burst like a thunder shower.

"Mr. Hand's given me the sack, and he says I'm not to have my salary because I cheeked him."

"Well, I should think you've done for yourself," said Mrs. Barnet. "What on earth made you answer back? You'll never keep an engagement if you cheek the managers. They like to be treated like emperors, then they're happy, and if they're happy, you're happy, and if they're not, they take pretty good care to make everyone else uncomfortable. Well, there, don't cry any more, that doesn't do any good. Perhaps if you go and beg Mr. Hand's pardon to-morrow and do that dance right, he might keep you to the end of the season; there's only three weeks more. I daresay he would not mind being spared the bother of looking out for another child."

Diana turned her melancholy footsteps home. She came in and found her mother sitting half asleep.

"Why, Di," she said rousing herself, "you're back early, aren't you?"

Diana did not know how to break the dismal tidings. She waited till she was half way through her bread and cocoa, then she blurted out:

"Oh, mother, it's that dance! Mr. Hand rowed me, and I was silly and cheeked him, and now I've got the sack!"

"It's too bad," burst out Mrs. Dane. Then she went on gloomily: "I don't know that I expected anything better. Everything always goes badly with me. I daresay you'll never get such a chance again. You're such a gipsy-looking child, it throws you out for so many parts. That little Queenie Darrell will get twenty chances to your one with her hair."

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III.

Meanwhile Mrs. Barnet went down slowly and knocked at Mr. Carstairs' door.

"It's one of the children, that's where it is. That little Diana. It seems there was something about a dance with Mr. Hand, and she answered him back and she's to go. Well, it seems they've been very unfortunate, the little boy ill, and the father a regular scamp, and they're awfully poor, I know. I suppose havin' been unlucky myself, and knowin' what it is, I feel more for people with bad husbands, and you've sometimes said kindly, sir, that I might have the choice of the children we have on tour, I thought p'raps if it was the same to you, I might have Diana; she's very quiet and gives no trouble."

"Still, if Mr. Hand finds her stupid, and she cheeks him, and if she is ugly, I can't see what virtues she has left."

"Well, sir, one day when the children were all saying pieces upstairs, Diana spoke a bit out of Shakespeare, and I thought she was a clever little thing, and she seems so dreadfully cut up about leaving."

"Yes, so they all are," said Mr. Carstairs, "but one can't keep on people out of kindness. Unfortunately, the public won't come and see bad acting out of kindness. Still, if you like to send her down to me after the *matinée*, I'll see what she can do."

Diana went to the theatre that afternoon in the depths of woe, and she was not much cheered by the greetings of her fellow hobgoblins.

Queenie Darrell was especially irritating.

"My little sister's comin' to take your place," she said. "I know, because Mr. Hand wrote to mumma about it, and she's got to call at eleven on Monday. You've got the sack!"

Then it was that Diana was sent for to go and see Mr. Carstairs.

When Diana got into Mr. Carstairs' dressing-room, she felt almost overwhelmed at the thought of her mother, Tommy, and her professional future. Mr. Carstairs looked up from a letter he was reading and said: "Hullo, there you are. Well, let's see what you can do. See, Mrs. Barnet told me you do Shakespeare, I believe."

"Lady Macbeth," said Diana shily.

"Lady Macbeth, all right; there's nothing like the courage of youth." He leant back in his chair and shut his eyes. "You can go on, I shall be listening all right."

Diana thought of the girls laughing when she recited in the wardrobe, and her heart nearly failed her. Then she thought of Tommy and felt desperate.

Once she was started she forgot even Mr. Carstairs and all that dismal yesterday. When she came to the end of the scene Mr. Carstairs said: "Thank you, sit down," but she was too much inspired to attend to him, and sailed down the room with an unconscious stateliness which sent him off into peals of laughter.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but really, Lady Macbeth played in tights is such a novel interpretation. Now sit down and let's talk to you. Well, it's all right, you've got the thing in you, and in time you ought to do something pretty good."

Diana remarked that she hated Mr. Hand.

"Yes, poor fellow, but I'm afraid you must bear with him if you come on tour."

"Me come on tour?"

"Yes, I think you may as well come, and we could see about Miss Reynolds giving you dancing lessons."

"Oh, Mr. Carstairs, me coming on tour! Oh, I don't know what to do; oh, thank you! I thought I was going to get the sack!"

She seized Mr. Carstairs' hand and kissed it. Then she began sobbing violently.

"Here, don't cry for Heaven's sake, there's a good child!" he implored. "It's all right. Mrs. Barnet shall give you all particulars; you'd better go and ask her about it at once. I think. Run along upstairs."

At that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Carstairs looked in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, dear," said she, "I didn't know you were engaged."

"Thank goodness you've come," he said distractedly. "Do relieve me of this little girl. She set off suddenly in this sort of way, and I can't stop her."

"She's just over-tired and over-excited, that's all that's the matter," said Mrs. Carstairs. "Mrs. Barnet has been telling me about her. She's to go off to the flat at once and have a good tea. Come along, dear," she said, gently lifting Diana up on to her feet.

IV.

"And mother," said Diana, as she sat on her mother's lap, that evening, "Mrs. Barnet and me went and had cutlets and eggs and after that tea and plum jam. And Mrs. Carstairs gave me something wrapped up in paper, and it's a sovereign, mother, and she said: 'Mind, whatever you do, you never miss out your teas again.' Mother, you can't say I'm unlucky now. I did cry when you said that, but p'raps now I'm going to begin to be lucky, for he said he thought I might do something good some day."

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"Thank goodness you've come," he said distractedly.

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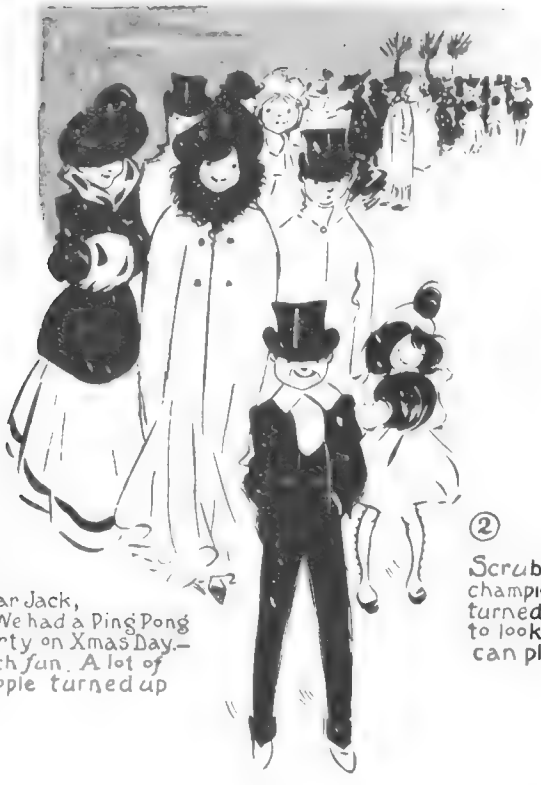
How We Spent Xmas Day



① Dear Jack,
We had a Ping Pong Party on Xmas Day.— such fun. A lot of people turned up

② Scrubbs, the amateur champion of Cheapside turned up. Not much to look at, but he can play.

④ -And we made the on-lookers hunt for lost balls. It's much better fun than employing scouts.

③ Some of them were quite amateurs-

⑤ At least so I found

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⑥ Also we had four handed sets. They're such fun. The neighbours complained of the noise afterwards. I dont blame them.
⑦ Then some fat versus thin sets.
⑧ Then in the evening Mr Scrubbs had a turn with Sis. She won the game, and something else too. Clever Sis, eh!
Yours,
Dick.
H. COWHAM
P.S. They're to be married in the New Year.

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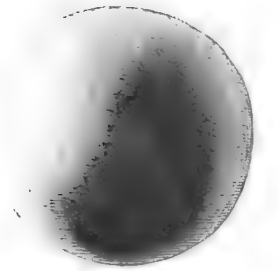


MUSICAL SEALS
. AND .
ACROBATIC SEA-LIONS.

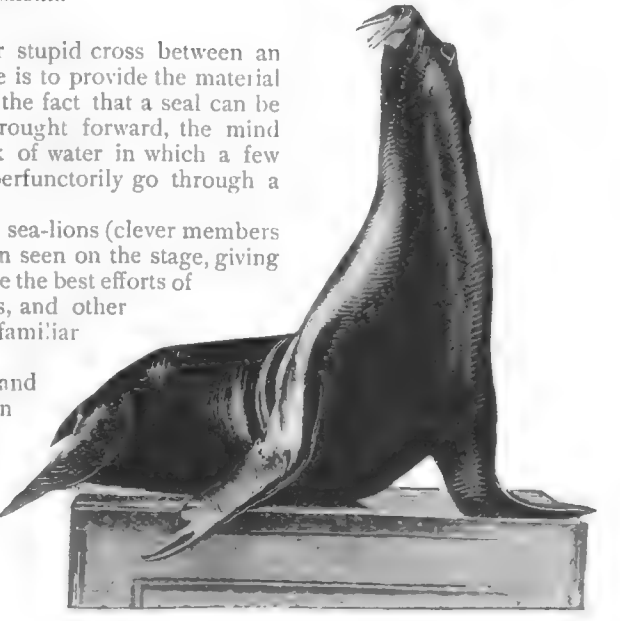
How Seals and Sea-Lions (their First Cousins) Play Musical Instruments, Cricket, and Other Games, and Amuse the Public by their Strange Stage Performances.

By W. L. Mallabar.

To most people a seal is a rather stupid cross between an animal and a fish, whose only value is to provide the material for very expensive raiment. When the fact that a seal can be used in a public performance is brought forward, the mind instantly flies to thoughts of a tank of water in which a few seals listlessly swim around and perfunctorily go through a number of minor tricks.

Only very recently have seals and sea-lions (clever members of a different, but allied, species) been seen on the stage, giving performances which have put to shame the best efforts of the many troupes of monkeys, dogs, and other animals whose exhibitions we are all familiar with.

For some time a troupe of seals and sea-lions appeared at the London Hippodrome, where, through the courtesy of the management, the trainer was interviewed and his seals and sea-lions photographed during their performance.



One of the trained sea-lions catching and balancing on his nose the large indiarubber ball—with which sometimes the troupe play cricket.

Captain James Woodward, the owner and trainer, has had ample opportunities for studying the customs and habits of these mammals, having been Superintendent of the Fish Department of the Royal Aquarium for seven years. In his care were a few seals, and their intelligence and quickness impressed him greatly. Little by little their confidence was gained, and they were gradually taught to perform a few simple tricks—it was all they were thought capable of then.

But Captain Woodward felt there were great possibilities in seal training which had not been recognised; and after making the seal performances one of the attractions of the Royal Aquarium, attained his ambition and started out for himself. His first "troupe" consisted of one solitary seal, but, as success crowned his efforts, he added others, until finally he had a respectable number.

These first performances were given in a large tank, and consisted, perforce, of entirely aquatic sports, such as rescuing a drowning man, hauling a boat to which the seals were harnessed, diving for articles thrown into the water, and similar tricks.

The expense of travelling with such a tank was, of course, very great, for the tank had to be at least forty feet in length by twenty feet across to give a satisfactory performance. It was then that Captain Woodward studied the possibilities of giving a regular stage exhibition, such as was given by other and not amphibious animals.

He then found that sea-lions were better for such an act as he contemplated, not because

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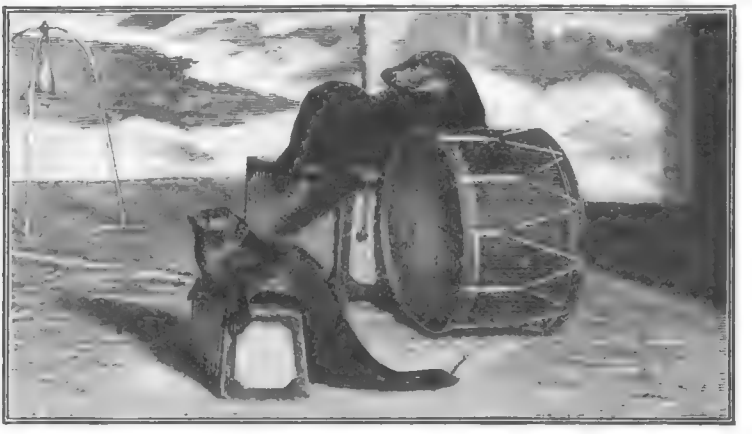
they were more intelligent, for, on the contrary, they are vastly less so than seals are, but because seals, on account of their short fore-paws, are very awkward objects on shore. The seal, when on land, progresses by means of short leaps, somewhat resembling a very fat and rather "sawed-off" snake; the sea-lion uses his fore and hind flippers, and can gallop over the ground at a good pace.

To see these animals perform is to be struck with amazement at the wonderful intelligence they exhibit. It is really no exaggeration to say that they show an almost human appreciation of what they are doing.

Watch one of them as the trainer advances with a long pole, something like a billiard cue, on the end of which is balanced a small fish. The pole is held upright, and a sea-lion carefully places his nose in position to support the butt end. Several times he draws back his head and looks along the pole, which is as yet being held by the trainer.



A seal and a sea-lion of the troupe that perform on the stage. The sea-lion is the player of the big drum in the orchestra.

Finally it is adjusted to his liking on the very tip of his nose, and, as the trainer steps back releasing his hold of the pole, the sea-lion shuffles across the stage balancing it with all the steadiness and watchfulness of a human juggler.

He travels the full length of the stage, his eyes fixed intently upon the top of the pole, and rapidly swinging his head, now sideways, now backwards or forwards to maintain the balance. His companions follow him on his course; in their eyes you can read the hope that he will stumble or lose his balance, for then the prize will be theirs.

One, indeed, gives him a slight push to bring about his downfall, but the quick eye of the trainer sees the action, and the offender is sent to his seat. The pole-balancer at length reaches his station, a box about three feet high at the farther end of the stage. His paws grope for the box; he cannot see it, for his whole attention is concentrated on the top of the pole. Now he lifts himself up, higher, a little more, and he is on the top of the box; a word from the trainer, the pole is thrown in the air, and the fish comes down into its destined place—between the jaws of the sea-lion.

"The Seal-Skin Band" is another of their wonderful acts. Each animal is equipped with some instrument, and at a signal they each attempt to outdo the others in noise making. With drums, cymbals, horns, and bells they unite to make "music," and if the melody is of rather a doubtful character, they certainly make up in vigour what they lack in harmony.

The variety and excellence of their feats are amazing. They seem to be capable of performing all the tricks accomp'ished by other trained animals, and surpass them in many instances.

In the balancing acts, for instance, they show considerable superiority. A large ball is tossed into the air and caught, spinning, on the nose of one of the sea-lions. Then it is passed from one to another, bounced up in the air, caught, passed, and repassed, never being allowed to drop to the floor.

A game of cricket takes place; one seal tosses the ball from his nose to the batsman, who strikes at it, and as it whirls across the stage another sea-lion catches it in mid-air and balances it, and the batsman is declared "out!"

The final one of the balancing tricks is the most surprising. A hat is placed on the tip of the animal's nose, upon it are balanced six large wooden bricks, upon them is an iron frame somewhat like a three-legged stool upside down, and in the centre of this stool is a large ball. They make a tower about four feet high, and the sea-lion travels across the

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The "Seal-skin Band." All sorts of noisy instruments—drums, bells, trombones, horns, and cymbals—are manipulated by seals and sea-lions.

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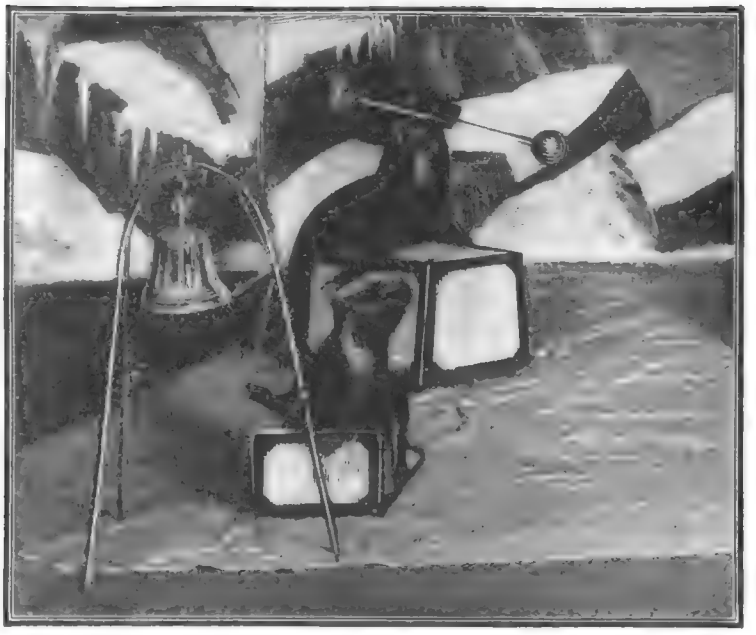

The most valuable sea-lion of the troupe, "Frisco," balancing a heavy dumb-bell in his mouth, while one of the seals (from the "Seal-skin Band") solemnly tolls a bell.

stage to his station, balancing them as he did the pole.

He mounts his box, and gives his head a toss, with the result that the whole structure collapses, and, as the articles fall to the stage, he catches the ball on his nose, balances it for a few seconds, and finally tosses it to his trainer.

Let us take a peep behind the scenes and see the living-place of the animals. In a far-off corner are two tanks about six feet square; one is for the sea-lions, the other for the seals. In these tanks they spend all the time when not engaged upon the stage. Upon a shelf which covers half of the tank the seals are stretched out, asleep. Their sleep is accompanied by a nervous, muscular twiching, ever and anon with a slight shifting of their fore flippers.

Are they dreaming of "the beaches of Lukannon, before the sealers came," or do they think they are once more rolling with the "holluschickie" on the precipitous shoreline of St. George or Novastoshnah? If so, the sea-lions in their tank are doubtless dreaming that they are once more on their rocky islands in the South Pacific, lifting their voices in bull-like roars to drown the bellow of that great southern ocean.

Training these animals is far from easy work, and it needs a lot of patience. Captain Woodward says that they vary in intelligence as do humans, and they are heavily handicapped by the fact that they are out of their natural surroundings.

The initial cost of a seal is about twenty pounds; after he is thoroughly trained he is worth several hundreds. There are repeated discouragements in the training. Seals are rather clumsy on land, and therefore meet with repeated accidents.

They travel in the tanks in which they live. A good story in this connection is told by Captain Woodward.

While travelling with the seals through the State of Indiana some time ago, the captain went into the baggage car in which the tanks were placed for the purpose of feeding the animals. The side door of the baggage car was open, and, as he lifted the lid of the sea-lions' tank "Frisco" (his pet sea-lion and the first he possessed) jumped out of the tank and through the open door. The train went a considerable distance before it could be stopped, and was then run back to the scene of the escape.

There was found "Frisco" unhurt, surrounded at a respectable distance by a number of Indiana farmers, travelling along the track in an endeavour to catch up with the train. He was hoisted aboard with some difficulty, and resumed his journey a wiser but not much sadder animal. That is, if sea-lions and seals are animals.

Throughout this article I have called them by that name, though it has been suggested to me that their nature is more fishy than otherwise. Leaving the settlement of that question to the naturalist, it can be said that the attitude of most people is equal to that of a certain railway porter who was called upon to decide what fare a seal should be charged when travelling by rail.

His verdict was: "A cat's a dog, and so is a parrot, but this thing is a hinsect, so there's no charge."

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A BAD SHOT

By Miriam Forester.

It was in the middle of the night that I suddenly woke up, not to the state of drowsy sleepiness which leaves a hope of soon dropping off again into peaceful slumbers, but to utter wakefulness, with a feeling of unusual mental briskness, and every sense on the alert.

Now, there is nothing extraordinary in this state of things to most people, but I am one of those who, when once my head is laid on the pillow, can confidently reckon on uninterrupted repose till the arrival of my hot water in the morning. I sleep soundly, not to say heavily, and am rather like the man in *Punch*, who slept through a siege, and only woke up enough to say "Come in," when a cannon-ball burst through his bedroom door. So I was surprised, and a little indignant, when I found myself behaving in this unusual manner.

I had no toothache, or any unsuspected pain that I could discover, and the night was perfectly fine and calm; there was no noise outside to rouse me.

I have heard of less fortunate mortals than myself counting sheep, repeating the multiplication table, and other devices of that sort, but feeling sure that nothing of the kind would be of any use, I gave myself up instead to a review of my present circumstances.

About ten days before this I had come to Stoneleigh Manor as companion, or kind of general help to Lady Forwell, and at once found myself settled in a most comfortable and luxurious berth; for Lady Forwell was young and charming, and only wanted someone to write notes, do the flowers, and act as her proxy in matters that she found disagreeable or tedious. She was quite young—only about twenty-three—clever in many ways, but without much self reliance, and inclined to lean upon the opinions of others, even in such small things as the colour of a ribbon, or the choice of a new book. She hated being alone, and Sir Digby Forwell frequently went up to town for a few days.

"When I am alone, I want your company," she said, "and when I have guests, I want your help." In fact, she wanted someone to save her the trouble of making up her own mind, as well as every other sort of trouble.

I flatter myself on being one of the most suitable persons she could have found, for I am generally very decided in my opinions, though possessed of the tact that gets them adopted without appearing to have any influence at all.

I liked Sir Digby even better than his wife. They were a very devoted couple; when he was at home they were always together, and then I had an abundance of time to myself. At present he was away, having gone on one of his little expeditions to London the night before.

Soon I began to feel restless, and then suddenly, in a flash of illumination from some inner consciousness, the idea took hold of my mind that Lady Forwell was in danger, or at all events, frightened, and needing me. *This* was the cause of my unusual wakefulness—there was some evil threatening her, or the household.

I started up in bed, and listened with straining ears. There was not a sound, yet the night was so still that I remembered about half an hour before hearing the mail train stop at Stoneleigh station, two miles distant, and then pass on again. I sniffed vigorously, but there was no suspicion of a smell of fire or smoke. I rose, and opening the door softly, peered out, but there was nothing to be seen or heard. For a moment I stood in a state

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It was a bad shot, and the bullet went crashing into the mirror.

of doubt. If I went to Lady Forwell and there was nothing wrong after all? I should only frighten her for nothing, and look rather like an idiot myself.

Then a story of my aunt Selina's flashed into my mind, and I hesitated no longer, but putting on my thick felt slippers, and wrapping myself well in my dressing gown, I lighted the candle, and prepared to investigate.

Aunt Selina had awakened very early one morning with a vivid presentiment of evil. She arose, and listened, but heard nothing. Some inner force seemed to impel her to descend to the dining room. She hesitated, and then, scoffing at herself for being suspicious, got back into bed. About twenty minutes later, there was a terrific noise; the house seemed shaken to its foundations; there was the sound of falling bricks and splintered glass, and shrieks of frightened people. She rushed down to find a scene of desolation, and the new housemaid unconscious and bleeding among the wreckage of furniture.

The fact was that the weights on the old-fashioned gasalier were too heavy, and the vibration caused by the guests at a birthday party in the drawing room above, had made the whole thing slide gradually down till the end of the pipe was uncovered, and the gas poured into the room. Of course, the housemaid, smelling the gas, went in with a lighted candle—they always do—with the most disastrous result to herself and the house.

Now if Aunt Selina had obeyed the presentiment, and gone down herself, all this ruin would have been averted, for the gasalier had done the same thing once before, and she would have known how to act. Cousin John always said it was the smell of the gas that awoke her, and not a presentiment at all, and that she certainly ought to have gone down. Aunt Selina and I never agreed with him.

It is well known that people have warnings and premonitions, and if so, why not I as well as Aunt Selina?

Moreover, I knew that a very real danger did exist. Lady Forwell owned some magnificent jewellery, including a set of emeralds especially rare and flawless. There was no secret about her having them with her at the manor house, for she had worn them at a ball only a few nights before. But it was *not* known to anybody that Sir Digby had taken them away with him to London in his portmanteau.

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Generally, no special care was taken, considering the great value of the jewels, but Sir Digby had been privately warned by the police that there was a gang of skilled burglars, supposed to have designs upon the gems, and he was advised to be on his guard.

An inner voice seemed to say: "Go at once, or it will be too late." And rapidly I made my plan of action. No doubt the robbers were aware that Sir Digby was away, and that the servants slept in another wing of the house, so the thing would be to let them imagine that help had arrived, and that they had more than two feeble women to deal with.

As there were no jewels to steal, and the plate was with the butler, they would probably decamp, leaving me free to restore and support poor Lady Forwell, who would be terrified out of her life. So I took the lighted candle, for I wanted to get a loaded revolver which I knew was in a little drawer in the study, which I passed on the way. How I wished the corridor was not so long, or that Lady Forwell would have let me use one of the larger rooms near hers!

The subdued noise of stealthy movements, and the sound of a man's deep voice assured me that my worst suspicions were true. I wondered how many of them there were, and whether they had gagged poor Lady Forwell. Controlling myself with an effort, and steadying my voice as well as I was able, I rapped at the door and said in a loud voice: "I am sorry to disturb you, but Sir Digby Forwell and a friend have arrived unexpectedly by the mail train. They threw gravel at my window to wake me, and I am going to let them in, so don't be frightened if you hear a noise."

This was an inspiration caused by the sound of the train at Stoneleigh station, and I thought the burglars would make off when they heard that Sir Digby himself had come.

There was a stifled scream, and a rough voice called out: "What the deuce——"

I did not stop to listen when a second shrill scream was heard, but casting myself against the door, for I am tall and strong, I burst it open, and precipitated myself into the room. There was no light—my own had fallen and been extinguished, but I could dimly see Lady Forwell's white face against the bed-clothes, and a man standing by the dressing-table. A burning desire to distinguish myself seized me—I am no coward—and it would be a boon to society at large if I disabled this notorious thief.

I did not wish to kill him, so I discharged one barrel of the revolver at his legs.

I cannot but thank Heaven it was a bad shot, and the bullet went crashing into the mirror; for Lady Forwell shrieked, the figure gave a bound, and in a voice I now recognised, exclaimed: "Is the woman raving mad?"

The room turned round me. I had to clutch at a chair for support. It was Sir Digby himself!

Again I thanked Heaven that I am a bad shot.

Next day, I learnt that Sir Digby had heard in town that Lady Forwell's mother had been thrown from her carriage, and seriously injured, and, fearing that she might see an exaggerated account in the papers and be upset, for they were deeply attached to each other, he had returned by the mail train just as I had said he did, to break the news gradually to his wife, admitting himself to his dressing-room by the little turret stair, of which he alone possessed a key.

How was it possible for me to know that he often returned in this way?

I shall never pay any attention to presentiments again. Better be blown up into the sky in fragments, than appear such a fool as I did that night.

. . ALL READERS, PLEASE NOTE . .

That the Editor is always glad to consider stories of any kind so long as they are brightly and interestingly written; articles on all subjects, poems, and ideas, whether for articles or for the general improvement of the magazine. Readers of an artistic turn of mind are specially invited to send in striking and original cover designs. For anything the Editor accepts liberal payment will be made.

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The Strange Story of Engine Number 651.

By Victor L. Whitechurch.

"There's a lot in knowing your engine well," said the Driver, as he shut the regulator and laid hold of the Westinghouse brake handle. "If I was on a strange one I'd have shut off steam a couple of hundred yards back with this curve, for it's a nasty one, but as it is——"

The rest of his observation was drowned in a sharp hissing sound as he put the brake on, and I clung to the edge of the cab while we rounded the curve in question.

"Not quite used to the foot-plate yet, sir?" remarked the driver, with a grin, throwing open the regulator once more. "She comes round beautifully, don't she?"

He "notched her up" as we took the gradient beyond, throwing his head back over his shoulder with a motion peculiar to engine-drivers to catch a second glimpse of a signal arm as we flew by. The fireman gave me a nudge, and I squeezed myself close to the side of the cab to make room for him while he coaled up. That operation over, the driver resumed his topic.

"There's some engines you can do nothing with. They'll burn coal by the ton and lick up oil by the gallon if you let 'em have it. But they won't make steam worth speaking of."

"I suppose you do get some peculiar engines sometimes?" I remarked.

"Ah!" he replied meditatively, gazing ahead through the weather-glass. "The rummiest one I ever knew was Number 651. She'd take a lot of licking."

"What was the matter with her?"

"That's more than I can tell you, sir. She's scrapped now, and a good job too. I wouldn't drive her again—no, not if they was to give me double pay and not cut down coal. She had too much of what the Scotch call the uncanny about her. I'll not forget the last time I handled her regulator."

"What happened?"

"I can't spin the yarn here, sir," replied the driver, as he glanced at his water-gauge and turned on the injector, "but when this trip's over I shall have an hour to spare before running back, and if you like to come into the shed I'll tell you."

The run over, I stayed on the engine until she had been shunted into the sheds. Then the driver sat down on the tool chest, lit his pipe, and told me the following extraordinary story of a locomotive.

* * * * * * * *

They talk of unlucky men and unlucky houses, and unlucky ships, and so on, and I don't see why there shouldn't be unlucky engines too. Anyhow, there was something wrong about Number 651 even before she was finished building. There's one chap—they made him a gatekeeper on the line afterwards—has a wooden leg to this day through an accident when they were boring her cylinders at the works, and two men were more or less damaged in riveting her boilers. On her trial trip she ran off the metals just as they got her out of the sheds. And the first time she was ever coupled to a train she broke down twenty miles short of the terminus, and they had to send another locomotive to bring her along. So she got a bad name from the first, and there wasn't a man on the line who hankered after the job of driving her.

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We've got no regular system here as they have on some railways, where the same driver always sticks to his own engine and has his name painted up in his cab; but all the same they try not to change about too much, and each engine has her particular driver more often than not doing regular trips on her.

After a spell of more or less trial running, Number 651 was located at Porthaven and ran to London and back most days, leaving in the morning and returning in the evening. The man that was put on to drive her was a fellow named Reuben Hurst. He was a steady enough chap, and had got his express engine early for his age, but he wasn't a general favourite among us. He never talked very much, but was raspy enough with his tongue when he chose, for he had an ugly temper on him at times. I remember how we chaffed him about Number 651, for she'd got her reputation even then, but he didn't take it at all kindly.

"There isn't an engine running," he said, "that a man can't master if he puts his mind to it, and I'm not going to believe all this stuff and nonsense about 651. She ran right enough for me yesterday. Some of you chaps think your old tea-kettles are perfect, and get jealous of anything new. She's one of the finest locomotives the governor's turned out yet. That's what *I* think of her."

"All right, Hurst," said old Driver Findlay, who was a bit sick because he'd lately been put on as a "local," "you ain't done with her yet. Sometimes an engine'll master a man instead o' the man the engine."

Hurst's mate on Number 651 was a fellow who'd done a spell of fireman's work along with me, and no better natured chap than young Jim Saunders ever stepped on a foot-plate. I can see him now, with his sandy-coloured hair and his cap stuck on the back of his head, just as I saw him when—but that's getting too far ahead with the tale.

Both Hurst and his mate lived at Porthaven. Jim Saunders was very sweet on a girl there, the daughter of a station inspector, and it was pretty well rumoured about that when Jim got his driver's post he'd set up house for himself.

Well, for about a year, Reuben Hurst mostly drove Number 651 and still declared she was the finest engine running, though Jim Saunders hinted from time to time that she caused a lot of bother and that Hurst's language on the footplate whiles and again was scarcely worth repeating. If Hurst himself was ever tackled on the subject he swore it was the fireman's fault if things ever went wrong, that he didn't water his coal enough or something of the sort. But knowing Jim as I did I had my suspicions, and besides, I gathered from several things he dropped that his driver was not on the very best of terms with him.

Well, one night in March—I remember it well—I'd come down to Porthaven on an afternoon run, and the wind was blowing so strong from the side that it wasn't an easy matter to stand steady on the footplate—one night in March, I say, there came a terrible bit of news. It seems that Number 651 was running on the down road at high speed through a lonely bit of the line over Long Marsh, as we call it, where there's a bit of a curve, and that poor Jim Saunders was caught by a tremendous gust of wind just as he stepped back to get his shovel. He lost his balance, and before Hurst knew what had happened he'd pitched out and was knocked to pieces by the up train that came rushing by at that very moment. It's a thing that's happened more than once!

Hurst was in a terrible way about it when he got off his engine at Porthaven. He'd stopped his train, but of course it was no use. He cried like a child that night, and wasn't fit for duty for several days. It seemed quite as if he was sorry for ever having said a word against Jim.

Findlay shook his head when he heard about it.

"Take my word for it," he said, "Number 651 is an unlucky engine. She's killed her man, and she won't stop there. *I* wouldn't like to ride on her."

Of course Reuben Hurst was the only witness of any importance at the inquest. He gave his evidence simply and plainly. It wasn't very much. He heard a cry behind him, so he said, and looked over his shoulder only to see his mate pitching over into the six-foot way. He shut off steam and put on his brake directly, and that was all. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental Death," with a recommendation to the company to provide better protection to enginemen. Which, of course, the company never took any notice of.

Hurst went on driving 651, but somehow or other he never boasted of her as he used to do. His new mate said he hardly ever spoke a word while running, but whenever he brought her on the down road through Long Marsh, he'd open his regulator wide and rush her through at full speed, keeping on glancing over his shoulder when he did so as

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if he were mortally afraid of something. It was enough to give a man a fit of the shivers, so the fireman said. And it was rumoured that Reuben Hurst used to carry something stronger than tea in his tea-can for that night run. Which would have got him the sack if it had been known.

At length Hurst went to the Loco-Super and asked him point blank to let him have another engine.

The Super laughed.

"What's the matter, man?" he asked.

"Number 651 is too much for me, sir. I've got sort of nervous, besides, since poor Jim Saunders fell off her."

The Super looked at him sharply..

"No, sir," said Hurst, understanding the glance, "there's nothing wrong with *me*. It's only the engine. She always was a brute, was Number 651, and I've had about enough of her. But I'm as fit for work as ever. Give me another engine and try me."

They gave him another, and Number 651 was handed over to *me*.

I wasn't best pleased, I can tell you, sir, but it wasn't for me to choose, and so I just grumbled a bit at my luck, and signed on the next morning for the up trip. I drove Number 651 for a matter of three months or so pretty regularly, and I never had a worse job in my life. There was always something going wrong with her. No matter how carefully I overhauled her before taking her out, we never had a run without a nut fetching loose, or a broken water-gauge glass, or a leaky boiler tube, or something of the sort. She *was* an unlucky locomotive.

Maybe you'll think me fanciful, and I can't exactly explain the feeling myself, but somehow or other whenever I took her on the down trip of a night a cold sort of shiver used to come over me when we ran over Long Marsh. My mate noticed it, too. It seemed sometimes as if there was someone standing by us on the foot-plate. We *felt* it, if you can understand what I mean. I wasn't given to superstition or anything of that kind, and I tried to pooh-pooh it, but one night when I had my hand on the regulator and my mate was taking up his shovel I was fairly skeered. The whistle began to blow, and not only that, but I distinctly saw the handle in front of me move as it did so. My mate thought I'd done it—he had his back to me—and I didn't undeceive him, but I'll own I didn't feel comfortable.

But the worst was to come. It's a night I shall never forget. We'd started on the down run, and Joe, the fireman, said to me:

"We shall have a rough trip, I'm thinking."

"Aye," I said, "it's blowing hard—just such a night as when poor Jim Saunders got killed."

Joe didn't answer for a minute or two, and then he turned to me and said:—

"It's curious, but it's just a year ago this very night that he fell over."

It was an ugly night. The wind came howling in behind us, fast as we were travelling. It was pitch dark, too, and you couldn't see a yard ahead. As usual No. 651 was giving trouble. Something seemed to have gone wrong with the Westinghouse brake, for the gauge glass showed that there was a leakage somewhere.

"I believe the cock isn't right in front," I said presently.

"All right, mate. I'll go and have a look," said Joe.

It was on my lips to stop him, for it was no joke to get round to the front on such a night and I didn't half like him going, but before I could say a word he was outside the cab and I saw him through the weather-glass holding on to the hand-rail along the boiler.

Just at this moment we reached Long Marsh. I shut the regulator a bit, for I was rather anxious about Joe. I suppose he'd scarcely been gone half a minute when for some reason I can't explain I looked over my shoulder suddenly.

At first I thought it was Joe himself—that I had only fancied he had gone in front—for there, close behind me, stood a man in fireman's clothes.

But, as I looked at him, the fire-light—I had just opened the furnace door for a moment—fell on his face and I saw, not Joe with his little black beard—but, fancy or no fancy, I swear I saw the figure of poor Jim Saunders, just as I used to know him, his cap on the back of his head, and his light hair streaming out from beneath it. His eyes were fixed in front of him as he stood there.

I tell you I was struck all of a heap for a moment. I forgot my engine, the signals, everything, and stood with my back to the weatherboard staring at the awful sight, I can't tell for how long.

Then I summoned up courage to speak.

"Who are you?" I shouted. "What do you want?"

The figure never answered. He didn't seem to hear me. But suddenly he turned towards me, and put out both his hands as though defending himself against someone.

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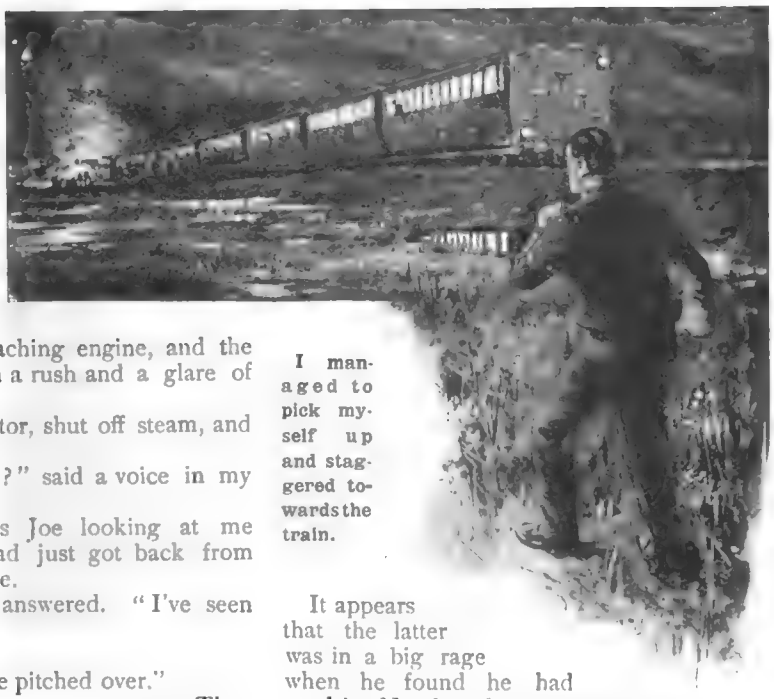
Then he seemed to stagger backwards, just as if someone had hit him a violent blow. Again he put up his hands, and the next moment he staggered back again and pitched right out of the cab. Immediately there was a shriek, the whistle of an approaching engine, and the up train came by with a rush and a glare of light.



I managed to pick myself up and staggered towards the train.

I flew to the regulator, shut off steam, and put on the brake.

"What's up, mate?" said a voice in my ear.

I turned. It was Joe looking at me wonderingly. He had just got back from the front of the engine.

"I don't know," I answered. "I've seen a ghost, I think."

"Who?"

"Jim Saunders—he pitched over."

My mate looked at me a moment. Then he threw the regulator open himself. The engine, which had not quite stopped, gave a few puffs, and we went on once more.

"You've been fancying things, mate," said Joe quietly. "It's always a bit skeery running over Long Marsh, and you got thinking of what happened a year ago when I left you by yourself."

"Joe," I said, as I took my place once more, "I swear I saw his ghost. Number 651 is haunted, mate. I'll not drive her again."

"Nonsense!" said Joe; "there's no such thing as a ghost. I don't believe in 'em. But it's queer all the same. I won't be sorry to get off her to-night."

When we got to Porthaven I was downright upset, so much so that I saw the Super that night, and told him that as I didn't feel well I meant to take the next day off. He saw I was looking pretty bad and didn't ask any questions. But he said:

"Very well. Then Hurst 'll have to run Number 651 to-morrow. That's all."

I had the story of what happened the next night from my mate Joe, who went with Reuben Hurst on the run. He had wisely held his tongue about what had happened to me; besides, he had been firmly convinced in his mind that I had simply had a nervous fright. So he said nothing to Hurst about it.

It appears that the latter was in a big rage when he found he had to drive Number 651 again. He swore at me for being ill, and Joe said the up run was anything but a sociable one.

"When we started back," said Joe, "Hurst smelt strong of liquor. So did his tea-can, and he went for it pretty often, too. Number 651 ran pretty steadily for a wonder, but just before we got to Long Marsh Hurst made me coal her up like mad. I caught sight of his face, and he looked like a fellow in an awful fright. He opened her throttle valve and we began to run like fury. I asked him if he didn't think we were going a bit too fast, but he turned on me savagely.

"'You mind your own business,' he said, 'I'm master here—and the quicker we get over Long Marsh the better I shall like it.'

"He kept looking over his shoulder while he was speaking just as though someone were standing behind him. The words were hardly out of his mouth when there came a big crash, the engine seemed to jump right up in the air, and I found myself lurched out of the cab and spinning down the bank on the left side of the line.

"It was a miracle that I wasn't killed. I was bruised a good deal and shaken up, but I landed in a soft patch of mud down in the Marsh and I suppose that broke my fall. Anyhow I managed to pick myself up and staggered towards the train, which had come to a standstill.

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"I shall never forget it. The crank-axle had snapped right in two—just like Number 651—she'd run on for a bit and then jumped the metals and turned clean over. Lucky the up-train had just passed! Not a single coach had left the rails, and except Dick Jones, the front-guard, who'd got a broken arm, and one or two of the passengers who were cut about a bit, mostly by broken glass, no one was badly hurt—though they'd all been pretty well shaken.

"Well, some of us went up to the wreck of the engine, and we heard a groan coming out from underneath. The rear-guard turned his lantern on, and there we saw him—a sickening sight it was, too.

I got him one under the jaw and sent him over the side.

Hurst was scalded all over, and jammed down by his engine. We couldn't move him, and before the breakdown train came along he was dead. But, mate, what do you think he said first?"

"What?" I asked.

"He told us—as well as he could—why he was afraid of Number 651."

"Why was it?"

"Because he'd murdered poor Jim Saunders."

"Murdered him?"

"Aye. I never heard such an awful tale, mate, as came from that dying man as he lay there in agony. It seems he was sweet on Fanny Baker, the girl who was to have married poor Jim, and he was as jealous as he could be. Often and often, he told us, he thought how easy it would be to get rid of Jim, and one night the devil got the better of him. Jim had been telling him how he'd hopes of getting his engine in a few weeks, and how he meant to marry Fanny, and Hurst suddenly turned on him as he stood behind him on the footplate, just as they were running over Long Marsh.

"'It was all over in a moment,' he told us. 'He put up his hands to defend himself twice, but I got him one under the jaw and sent him over the side just as the up train came along. You know the rest. And—always after that—whenever I ran over Long Marsh, Jim Saunders haunted me. He stood on the footplate just behind me. I saw him over and over again. That's why I asked the Super to give me another engine. I couldn't stand it any longer. And—to-day—when I took No. 651 out of shed, I knew something would happen. And I saw him there—behind me—just before we were wrecked—and it's the very spot——God forgive me.'

"Mate," said Joe to me, after he'd finished telling me, "you were right. It's queer, but you *did* see Jim Saunders there. Well, it's the first time I've ever heard of a locomotive being haunted."

"And I hope it'll be the last time I shall drive one with a ghost on the foot-plate," I answered. "Number 651 always *was* an unlucky engine, but I didn't think she was so queer as all this."

"She's revenged Jim Saunders, anyhow."

* * * * *

"Well, sir, that's the story. What became of Number 651? Well, after the accident they rebuilt her and put her on a local line. But she was always coming to grief, so they scrapped he, as I think I said."

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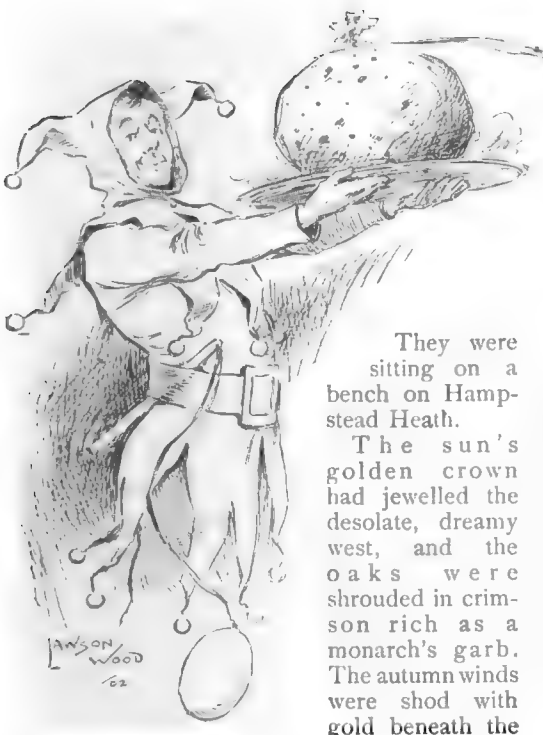

CAP & BELLS

They were sitting on a bench on Hampstead Heath.

The sun's golden crown had jewelled the desolate, dreamy west, and the oaks were shrouded in crimson rich as a monarch's garb. The autumn winds were shod with gold beneath the sobbing trees, and high on the branch of a stately cedar perched Minerva's wisdom bird, the ominous owl, bleareyed and solitary, and waiting till night should shade the grand panorama of the Heath

"I dreamed of you lawst night," she said, in a rich Cockney accent.

"Did you really?" he inquired eagerly, and a tint of red suffused his brow, like the blush that kindles on the timid cheek of morn, when like a coy and conscious bride she comes from the embrace of Night.

"Yaas; I always dream when I eat lobsters and mince-pie at night."

* * * * *

Toobee: "So Slugger has turned detective, has he? Well, he will not succeed."

Arnott: "Why not?"

Toobee: "He won't be able to keep his mouth shut. He used to be a pugilist."

* * * *

SHOPPER (dejectedly): "All these toys are old."

DEALER: "Yes'm, but you must remember most of the babies are new."

JUST LIKE A MAN.

I was making a trip up the Thames last summer on a small steamer. A party of picnickers came aboard at one of the piers. It was evidently their intention to go to a certain spot a few miles up stream, and return a-wheel. We had left the little pier about half a mile behind, and the picnickers were pretty well settled when one of the women of the party rushed up to a small and very uneasy-appearing gentleman, who was sitting on a deck chair near the rail, and exclaimed:

"John, did you have time to get the things aboard?"

"Yes."

"Did you bring the pliers and the foot pump?"

"Yes."

"And that bottle of oil and the stick of chain lubricant?"

"Yes."

"And that strip of rubber for patches, and the solution?"

"Yes."

"And the spanners and a few old spokes?"

"Yes; but goodness gracious, if I didn't—"

"Why, what on earth's the matter?"

"—Forget the bicycles!"

* * * * *

Mr. Fly: "Well, I thought I would settle down here to enjoy a quiet read of the 'Daily Buzz,' but, really, the draught in this place is enough to blow one's wings off."

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Parvenu (in restaurant): "Waiter, I wish to pay. Go, bring me a ten pound note from out of the small change pocket in my overcoat."

* *

Some negroes that had mastered the Irish brogue played a trick upon a boat-load of immigrants, who were so eager to set foot on the soil of the New World that they had left the ship before their companions.

"An' are ye just over, boys?" said a jet-black African, in the richest possible brogue, and the warmest interest as he bent over the wharf where he and his comrades were working. The strangers regarded him with a look of mingled astonishment and terror, while one of them found breath to inquire:

"An' how is it that ye're black?"

"It's the cloimate, boys, it's all in the cloimate," was the answer.

"An' how long did it take," said the anxious spokesman, "to make you this colour?"

"Three years, an' never a bit longer."

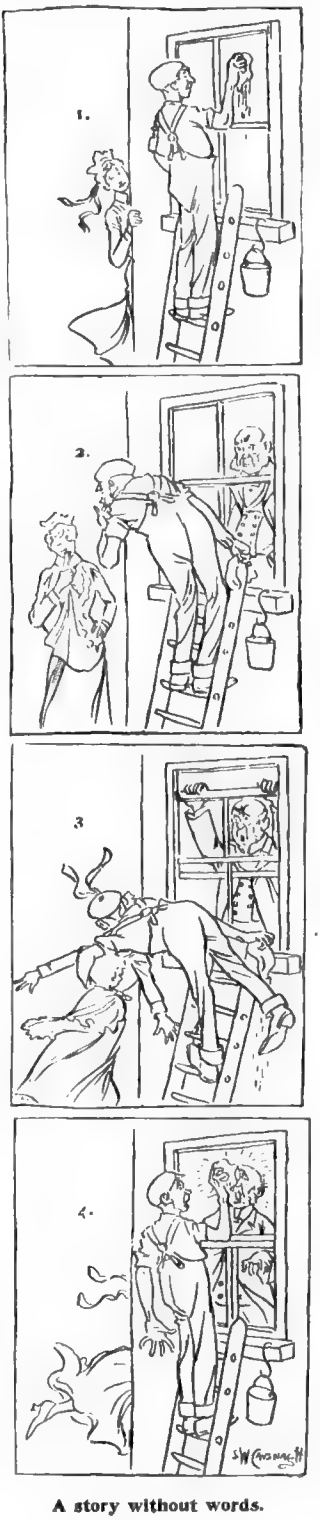
"Thin bedad, boys," said Paddy to his countrymen, "let's go back; it's too soon to be divils entirely."

However, they remained after all.

* * *

Hard Lines.

"Now, that's what I call tough luck," said the great detective ruefully. "Here I've been working night and day on this murder case for three weeks, and now, just as I find a clue that's a beauty, those newspaper chaps step in and find the murderer."



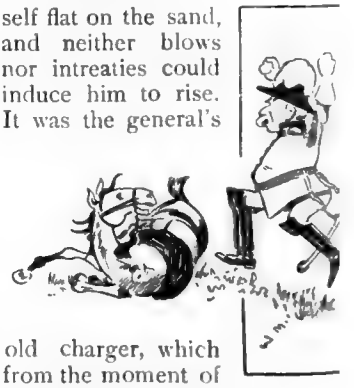
A story without words.

A Sensible Horse.

There was an unfortunate charger whose duty it was to carry an extremely fat and heavy Indian general. Feeling that this task was more than could be reasonably required of him, the intelligent animal invariably lay down and refused to get up whenever the general tried to mount him, and so far gained his object that his owner sold him to a young officer who was going to a distant station up country.

Two years afterwards the general went to inspect some frontier cantonments, and as he travelled to his destination in a palanquin, was obliged to borrow a charger for the purpose of the inspection. There was some difficulty in finding one up to his weight. At length an officer resigned a powerful horse for the occasion, which was brought out, duly caparisoned, in front of the line.

The general came forth from his tent and proceeded to mount, but the instant the horse saw him advance he threw himself flat on the sand, and neither blows nor intreaties could induce him to rise. It was the general's



old charger, which from the moment of quitting his service had never practised the artifice until this second meeting. The general, who was an extremely good-humoured man, joined heartily in the universal shout of laughter that ran through the whole line on witnessing this ludicrous affair.

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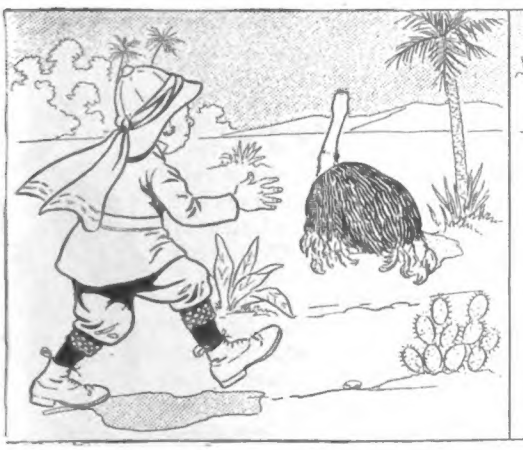
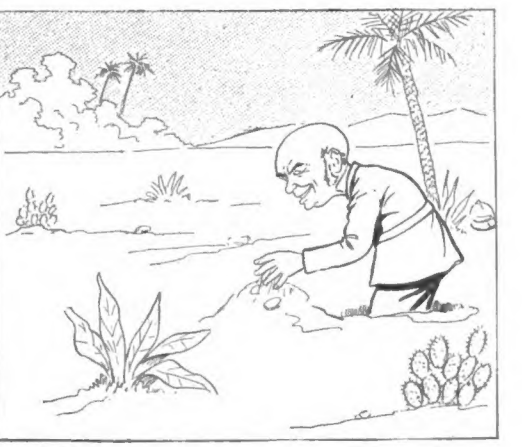
A MASTERPIECE OF STRATEGY.



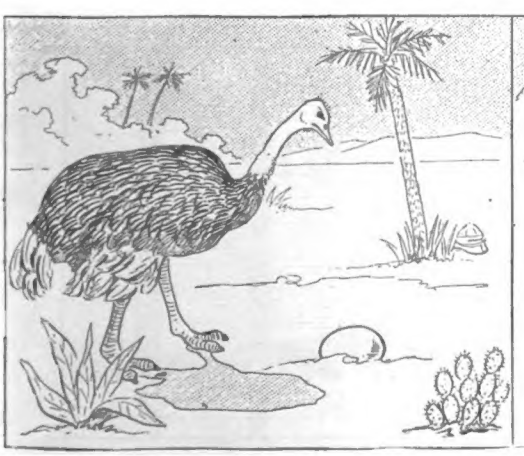
1. "An ostrich! I'll catch him."

2. There's many a slip!

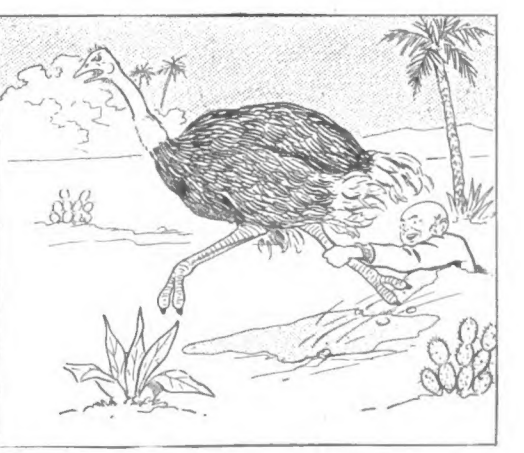
3. A bright idea.



4. "Now then, Mr. Ostrich!"



5. "Well, at any rate, he's not touched my precious egg."



6. But the egg had brought forth a strange chicken!

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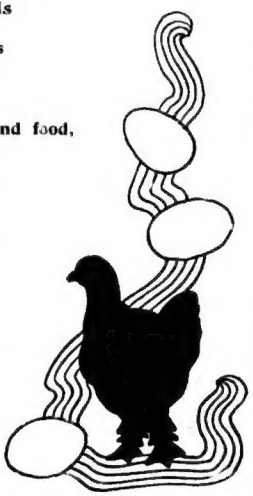
A HEN SPEAKS.

My name is Hen, a British Hen;
I get upon my legs
To make a plea to Englishmen
To stand by English eggs.
If poultry may a profit yield,
And I protest it may,
Why not encourage hens at home
To go ahead and lay?
Just give us sweet and wholesome food,
Pure water and good lime,
And do your duty, partner man,
I'll back you every time.
Don't house us in a place which lets
Both cold and vermin in,
And makes us go without our meals
And drives us to the sin
Of packing what should go for eggs
Between our skin and bones,
And dulls the cackle in our throat
And freezes up its tones.
I want no more than warmth and food,
And common sense and care,
Then I will shell my big eggs out
And make my owner stare
To see the way I pay his debts.
On this platform I stand,
And sign myself A Business Hen,
Yours truly to command.

* * * *



Disappointment first comes in life to the baby who has a tin trumpet given to him for a present, and then finds that he hasn't wind enough to blow it.

* * *

"Death from lead poisoning" is the polite term used by Colorado juries to specify a gambler's fate in a shooting affray.

* * * * *

A company promoter is pungently defined as a man who sells something he hasn't got to a man who doesn't know what he is getting.

No Sixpence for Him.

The benevolent man arrived just in time to see the dispersal of the crowd which had been watching two dogs fight.

"Strange, strange," mused the benevolent gentleman, "how human beings can delight in such cruel sports—how they can bear to watch two dumb animals wound and even kill each other, without interfering in the cause of humanity. Such exhibitions of brutality are enough to make one weep——"

Just then the benevolent gentleman became aware that someone was weeping, and that very near him, and very audibly. It was a boy whose sobs had thus interrupted the above musings.

"Why, what is it, my little man?" patting him on the shoulder.

"The—the fight, sir."

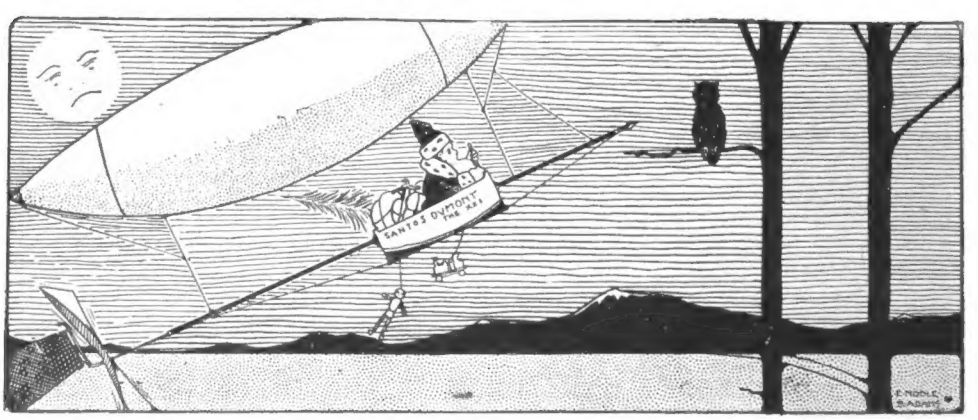
"Oh! are you crying for the poor dogs that were so torn and bleeding? It was, indeed, a dreadful, brutal sight. But don't cry so," said the benevolent gentleman, feeling in his pocket for sixpence with which to comfort and reward the feeling boy.

"No—wasn't crying for that. Crying 'cause—the—dawg—the dawg—I bet on—got licked—I was."

He did not get sixpence.

* * * * *

A schoolboy who reads of "divers diseases" said he supposed they must be cramps.



The Owl: "Hallo! Father Christmas, where are you off to?"
Father Christmas: "Oh just going up to Mars to drop a few parcels."

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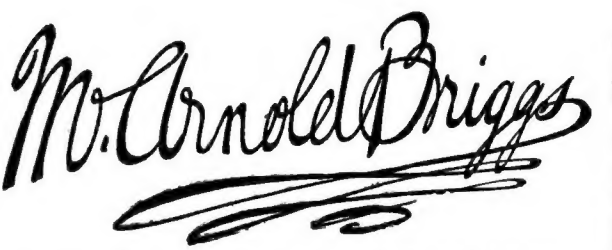
A Professor had a wife and family, but, professor-like, his thoughts were mostly with his books and his dynamos. One evening his wife returned from late afternoon visits to find the house strangely quiet. Nowhere were the children to be seen. She demanded of the man of books what he had done with the youngsters. The Professor explained that they had become rather noisy, and so, even without calling the maid, he had stuffed them into bed.

"I hope they haven't given you much trouble," Mrs. Professor said.

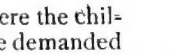
"Oh, no," said the Professor. "With the exception of the one in the cot over there, perhaps. He objected a good deal to my undressing him and putting him to bed."

Mrs. Professor went to inspect the cot.

"Why," she cried, "that's little Freddy Smith, from next door."



How Mr. M. Arnold Briggs, who keeps the haberdasher's shop, signs his name.



How Mr. F. Brown, the billionaire, signs his

A GOOD DISGUISE.

Mr. Lop (having tied his ears under his chin): "Now, if I meet one of those troublesome dogs, he won't know that I *am* a rabbit!

JUDGE: "You were alone when you committed the robbery?"

DELINQUENT: "Yes, your worship. You see, when you've got a mate you never know whether he's honest or not."

* * *

The poet and the editor were playing tennis, and the latter was beaten.

"You serve well, but you cannot return," said the poet.

"Can't I?" asked the editor. "Send me a poem and see."

* * *

A HARMLESS STORM.

It rained last night while I was out
Courting my darling Ella,
And I had left my mackintosh
At home, and my umbrella.

And yet I suffered lack of these
Without the least dejection.
And though the rain kept up an hour,
I needed no protection.

And such a storm as I was in
The fear of storms dismisses.
For I am speaking of the rain
Of darling Ella's kisses.

Both (to themselves): "She's looking at me!"

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—HIS PAGE.

MUCH against his will, Mr. X the famous puzzle expert, has succumbed to the soft persuasions of the Editor of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, and has emerged from his retirement to puzzle you, my dear readers, and to be puzzled. Mr. X has a good stock of tricks, puzzles, and problems in hand, and it is his intention to spread before you each month a most appetising array of puzzle dishes. If you can suggest some delicacies for the repast, Mr. X will be only too pleased to sample them.

PERFECT NUMBERS.

Do you know a perfect number when you see one? Any number which is exactly the sum of *all* its integral divisors is called "perfect." There are a good many perfect numbers—6 is one, 28 is another. Thus, 3, 2, and 1 are the only numbers that divide exactly into 6, and together they add up to 6. So with 28, its divisors are 14, 7, 4, 2, 1, their sum being 28. Do you know any other perfect numbers?

HALF-CROWNS CHEAP.

(*This is a certain catch, if Smith is not already up to it.*)

JONES: "I can make you say 'black.'"

SMITH: "I bet you half-a-crown you can't."

JONES: "Done" (raising his eyes). "What's the colour of the sky?"

SMITH: "Blue."

JONES: "What's the colour of that golfer's coat?"

SMITH: "Red."

JONES: "What's the colour of that lump of coal?"

SMITH (chuckling): "No you don't, my boy."

JONES: "Well, then, what's the colour of that Union Jack?"

SMITH (carefully): "Red—white—and blue."

JONES (quickly): "There, I said I'd make you say blue."

SMITH (angry): "No, it was black!!!" (Suddenly stops, realising too late that he's said the fatal word.)

JONES: "Half-a-crown, please."

SMITH: "That's a silly game." (Nevertheless, he tries it on the next friend he meets, and replaces his lost half-crown.)

Dear Reader, why shouldn't you do likewise?

LETTER-JUGGLING.

Everyone knows the game of "Word-making and Word-taking," and will remember how difficult it often is to espy, as it were, instinctively, a word from a jumbled heap of letters on the table. This is certainly a fascinating game for two or more players, but you will find it almost equally fascinating to take any combination of letters—such as A E M N, which form one word, AMEN—and see how many others can be formed *in which exactly the same letters are employed.* Thus: NAME, MEAN, MANE. Take the three letters A E T; they form the words ATE, EAT, TEA.

An extraordinary number of words can be formed from certain sets of letters:—Take the five, A E L S T. No fewer than nine five-letter words are made up of these five letters. I will leave it as an exercise to the readers of this page to find them.

What is the greatest number of letters which will make two distinct English words? The eight letters A C D E I M N O make DEMONIAC and COMEDIAN; the ten letters D E I I M N N O S S make DIMENSIONS and SISMONDINE. I shall be interested to hear of any better examples of letter-juggling.

Five Shillings will be paid to the sender of any new puzzle, problem, or other trick which is considered worthy of insertion in this feature. Letters must be addressed to "Mr. X," care of the Editor of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, *18, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.*

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